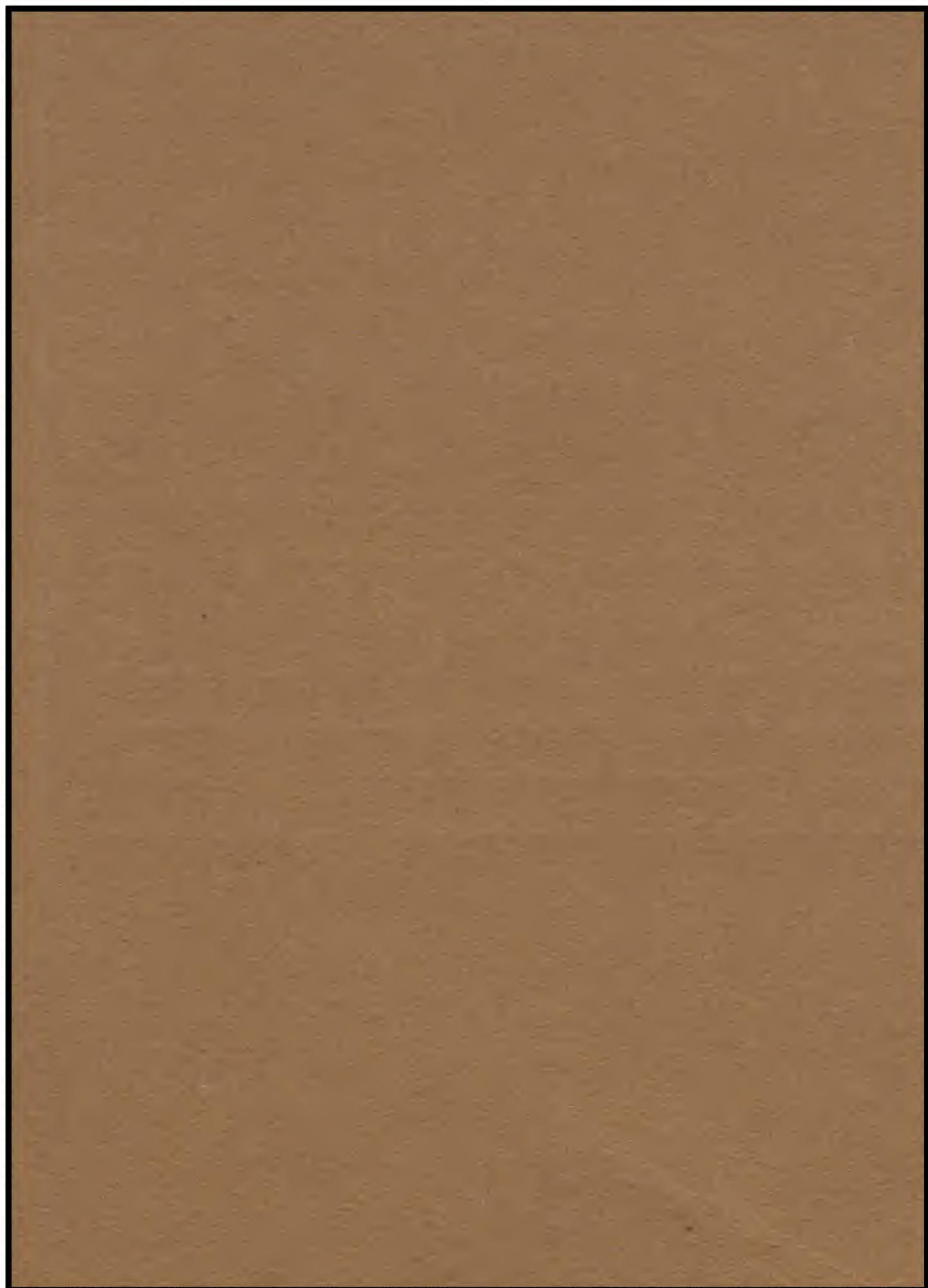
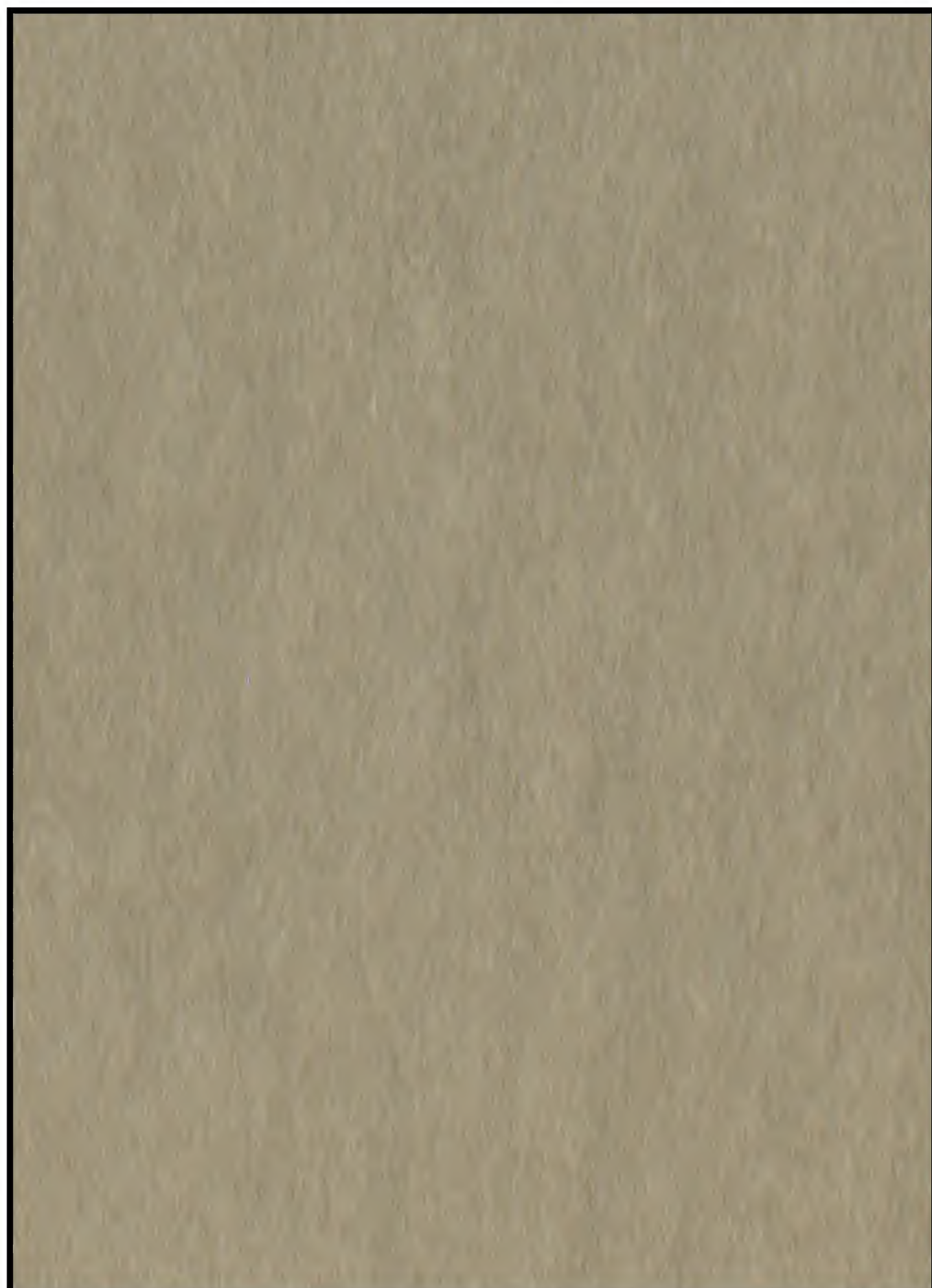
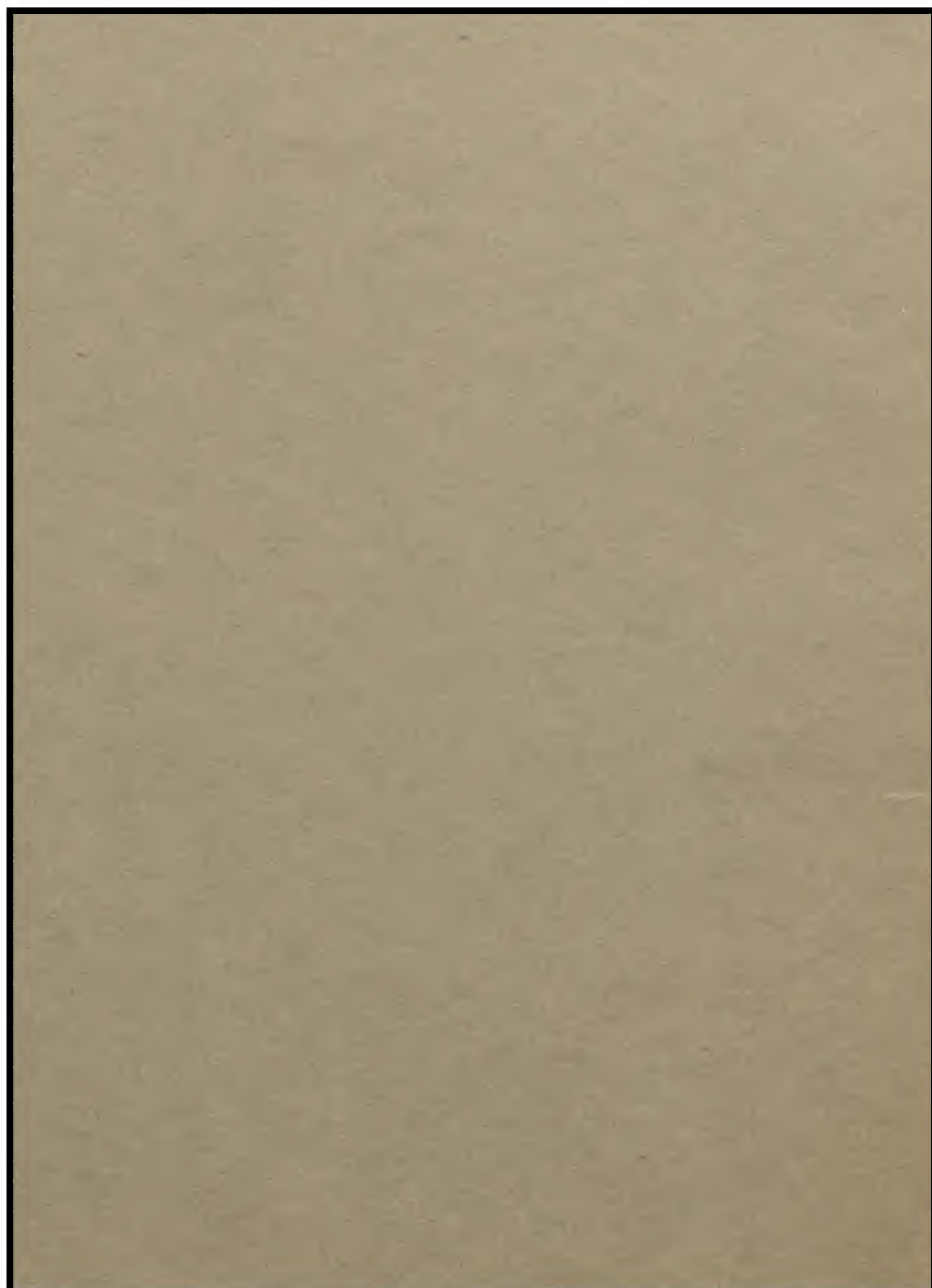


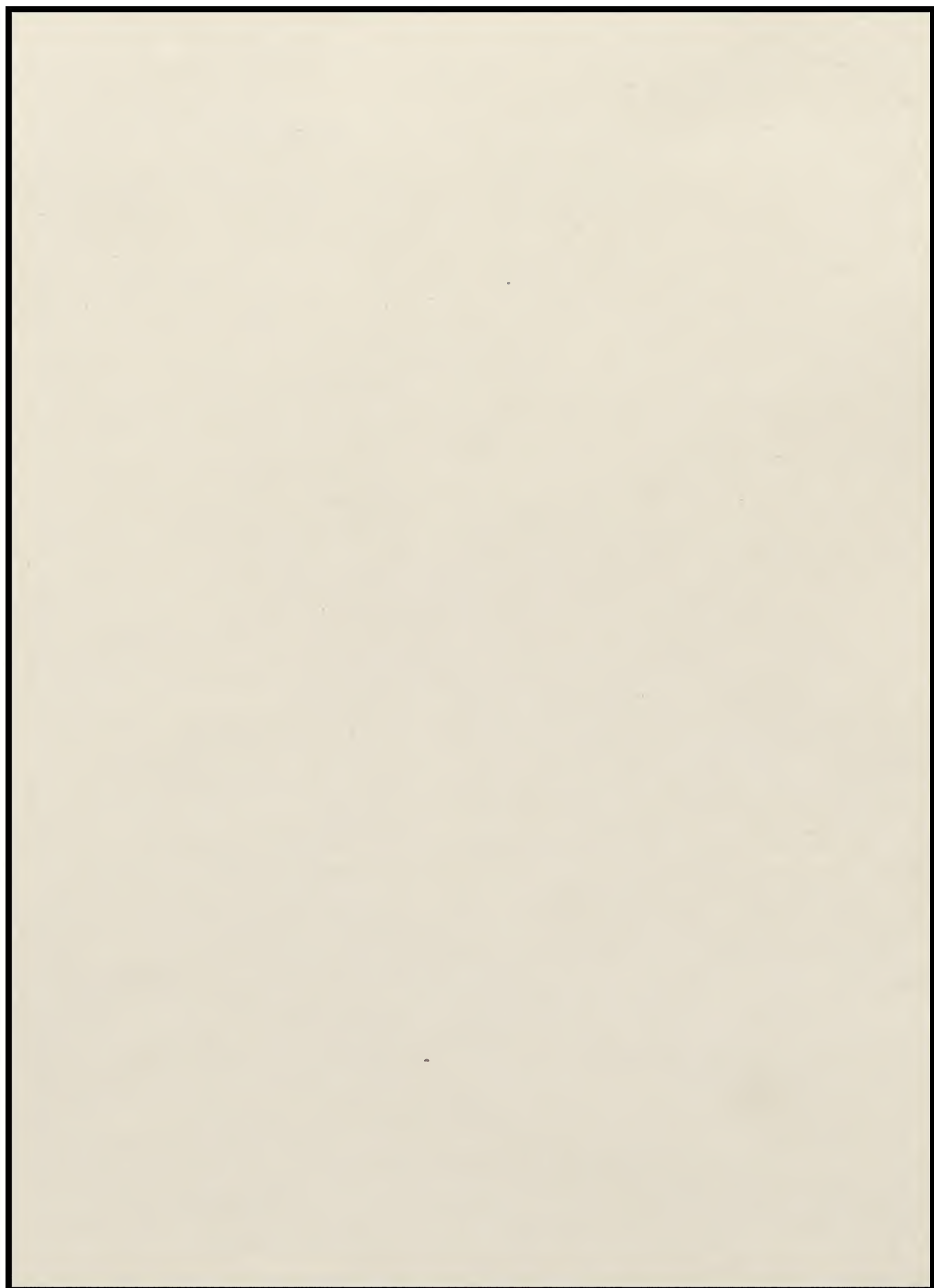


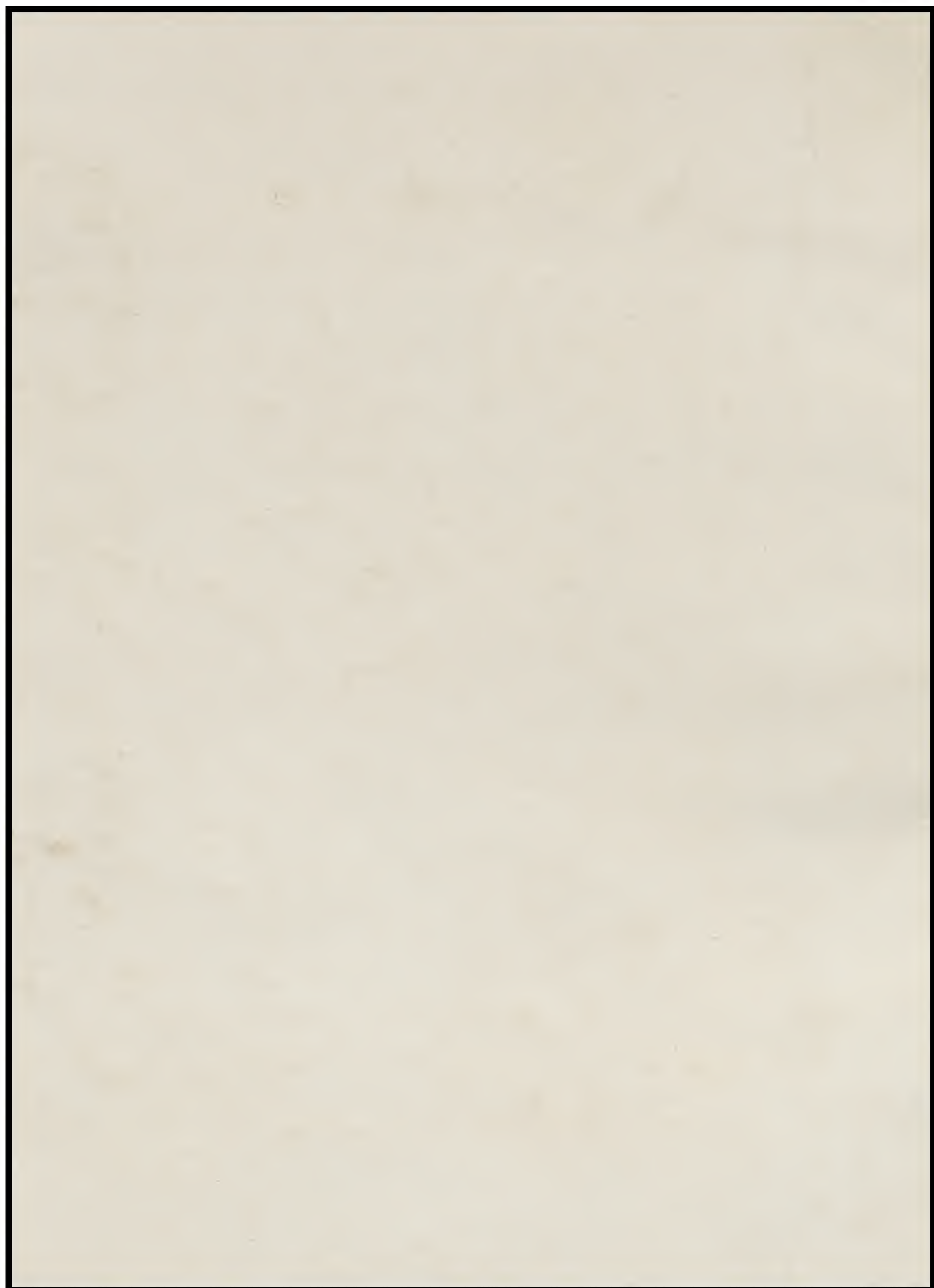
CLINTONIAN

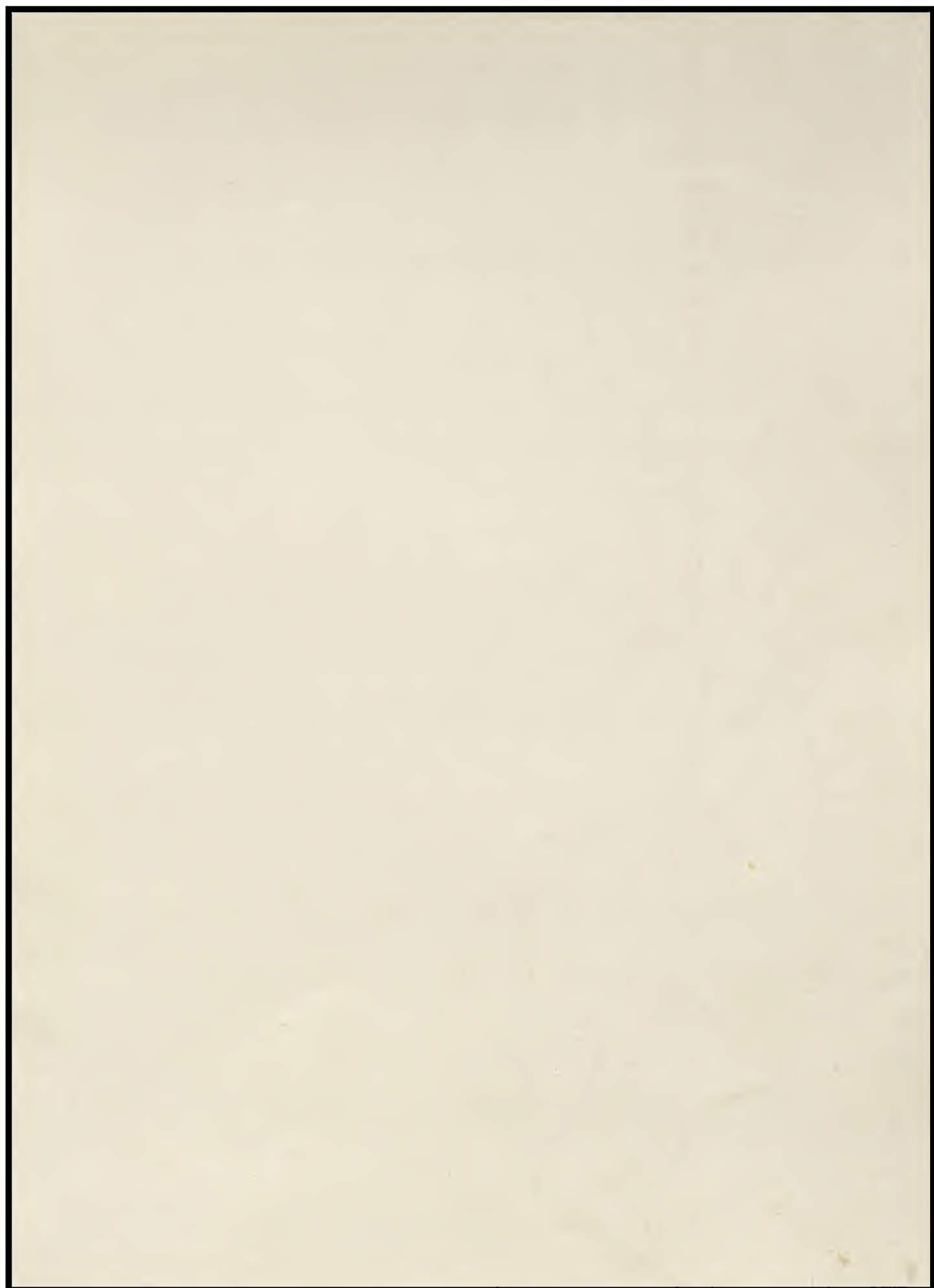


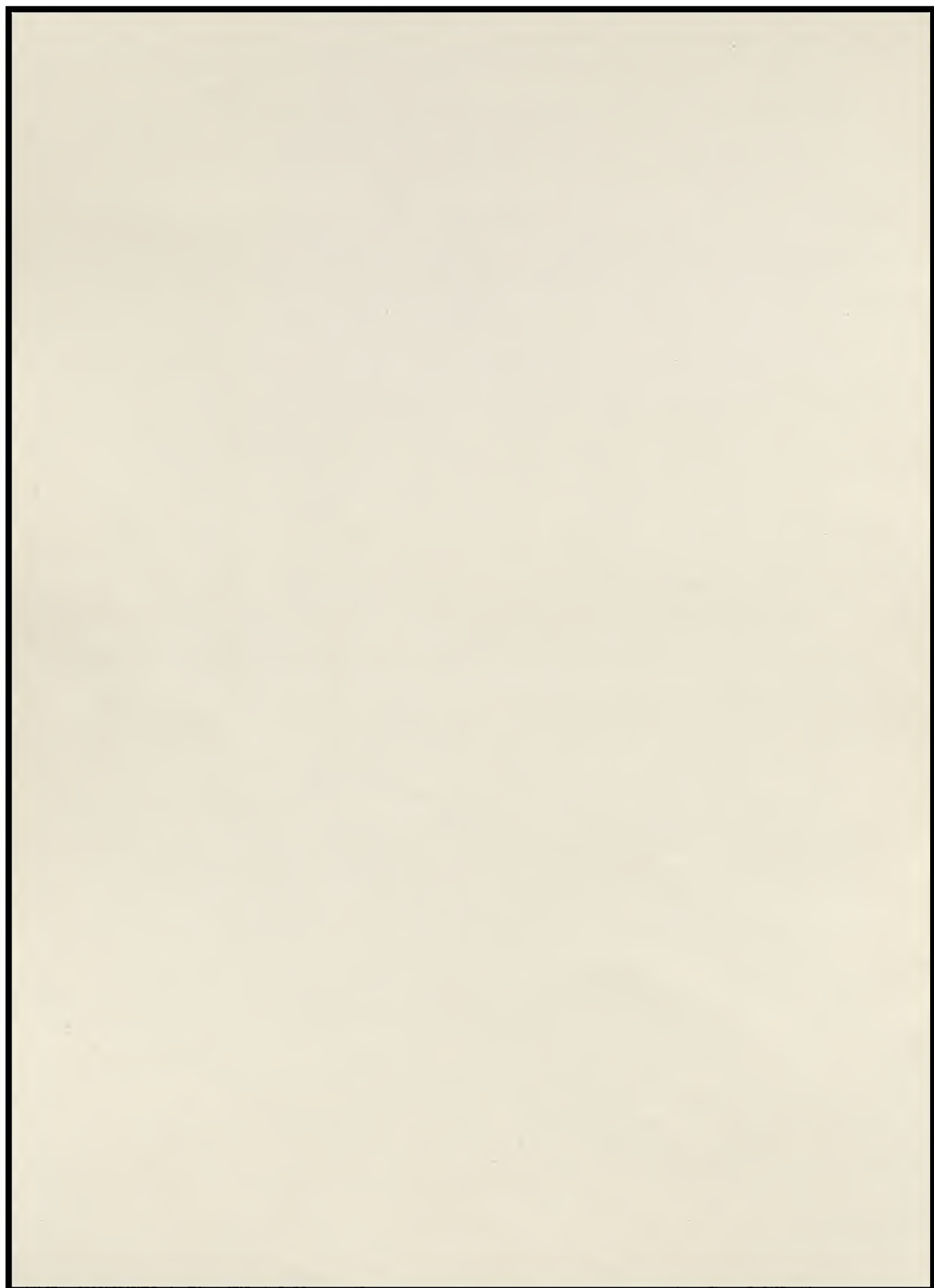








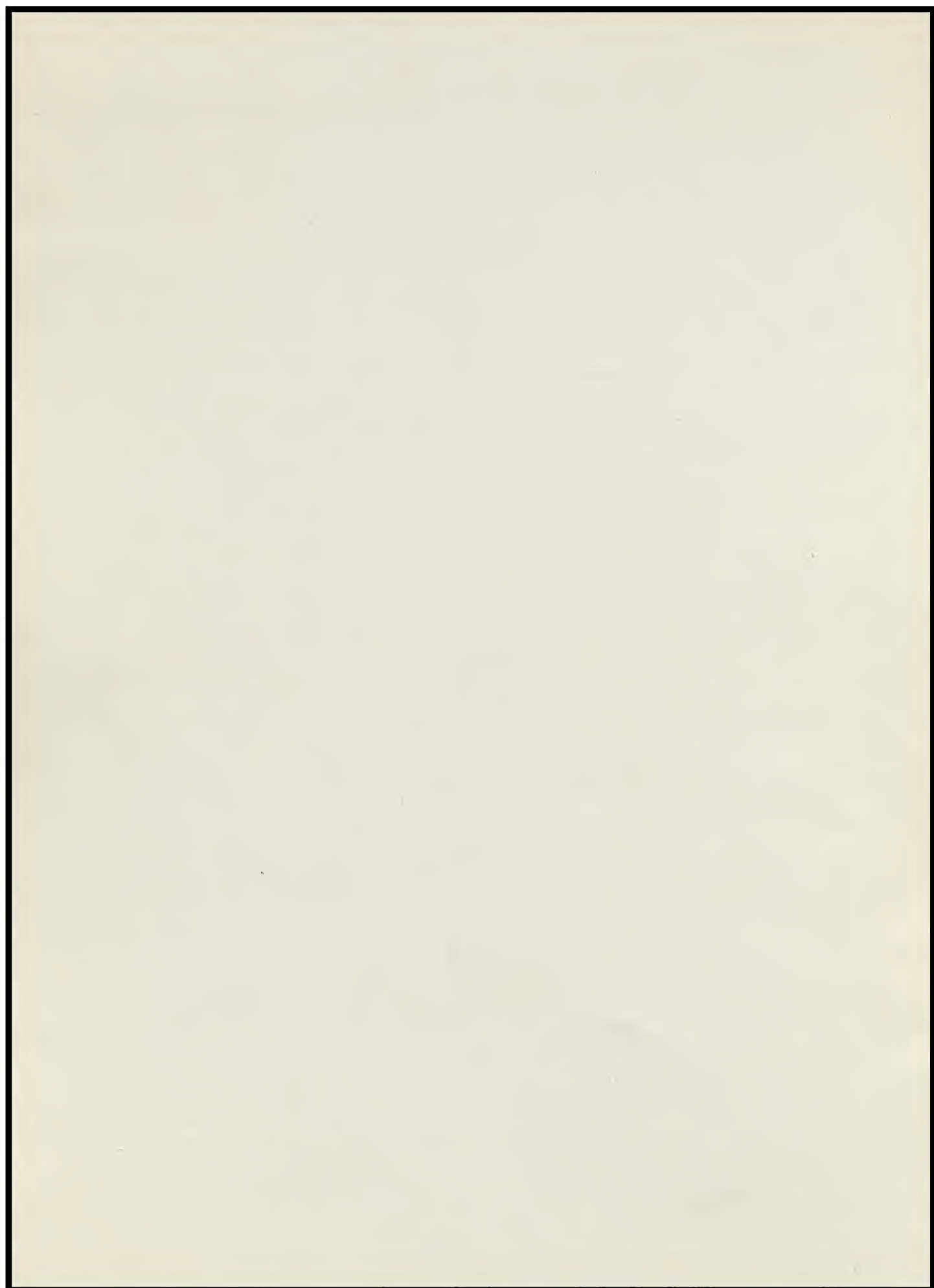




Clintonian

Volume 1





Foreword



We have only the apologies of lack of time and lack of precedence in the Clinton High School to offer with this volume. We hope it will win your commendation although it was primarily intended to provide a reminder of the pleasant scenes and associations of the class of 1910 while in the Clinton High School.

Then too, our volume was started in the hope that it would become an Annual Publication. In this way the Alumni can get these publications and keep in touch with their Alma Mater. We now offer you this, the first volume of the "Clintonian," the product of our thought and labor, for your approval or criticism. Also we now gratefully acknowledge the kindly services of our many friends, without whose help this volume would never have been.





CLINTON '10

Dedication



To
Professor J. W. Browning
as a token of our esteem and friendship,
we, the Class of 1910, dedicate
this volume.

"Of all my experience with High School students I never found one that was not worthy of at least seventy-five, if you went at him in the right way."



Our High School



We moved into our new High School building, February 12, 1909. It was built at a cost of about \$50,000, and is a credit and an ornament to our city. There are twenty-five rooms in it. Besides the recitation rooms there are chemical and physical laboratories, and special sections for Manual Training and Domestic Science. Since we began using our new laboratories, additional apparatus has been added as it was needed. Now we have much better facilities for obtaining comprehensive ideas of experiments.

Our Faculty is now much larger than formerly, and now consists of eleven members, each of whom is a proficient instructor in his branch. We have received recognition by the U. of I. authorities, as we are now on their accredited list. The latest subjects which we have added to our list of credits, are Chemistry and German.

With these advantages, the C. H. S. certainly has a bright future before it. This is shown by the many additional students that enroll each year. The number of students from the country that come here has increased greatly.

High Schools are recording great triumphs now, and the Clinton High School, which the people of Clinton have provided, is certainly doing its share toward advancing the cause of education.

It is with the greatest hope for its future that we, the class of Nineteen Ten, leave.



CLINTON '10

Staff



Editor-in-Chief:
WELBY CRANG.

Personal Editor:
JOHN ROGERS.

Assistant:
ELLA HICKMAN.

Literary Editor:
RUTH GRAY.

Assistant:
BEULAH BENTLY.

Art Editor:
GUY DICKERSON.

Assistant:
JOHN DAVIS.

Social Editor:
REGINA CROWE.

Athletic Editor:
FRENCH LANE.

Business Manager:
CLYDE EDMISTON.





J. W. BROWNING
Principal
Mathematics



Mr. Browning was educated in the Indiana schools, where he received both Normal and University training. He has also spent two terms on his master degree at the University of Chicago.

From 1892 to '95 he was Principal of the Cortland, Indiana, Township High School. From 1895 to 1903 he was Principal of the Clear Springs Township High School. He resigned this position to accept the position of Superintendent of the Loogootee, Indiana City Schools.

Three years later he came to us as Principal of our High School. Since taking charge of our High School four years ago, the school has made great advances, and now ranks with the best of Illinois High Schools. Since his coming we have moved from our old cramped quarters to a commodious new building and our Faculty has been increased from five to ten instructors. The course of study has been enlarged and the enrollment almost doubled.

With the class of 1910, there will have been graduated from the Clinton High School in these four years, one hundred and nineteen students. All of these find a warm and trusted friend in Professor Browning, and whatever the future may bring forth, he will find one hundred nineteen warm friends in these graduates.

THE CLINTONIAN



MABLE D. MOORE
Latin and German

Miss Moore was born in Mansfield, Illinois, and attended the grade schools of that city. Coming to Clinton with her parents, she entered the Clinton High School and graduated with the class of 1903. From Nineteen Three to Nineteen Five, she attended Illinois College, at Jacksonville. She next attended the University of Illinois and received her degree there in 1907.

In 1908 she was engaged as a teacher in the Clinton High School and has served in that capacity since. She can number as her friends, every student in the Clinton High School, and she is liked especially by those who are under her instruction.

CLINTON '10



JESSIE MAY TOLAND, A. B.
English

Miss Toland was born in Charleston, Illinois. She is a graduate of the grade and High School of that place. From there she went to the University of Illinois, and received her degree in 1908. Since then she has been at the head of the English department in our High School. Although this is her first position; judging from her successful method of teaching, we unhesitatingly foretell a bright future for her.

THE CLINTONIAN



MINNIE GENEVIEVE ROHRER, A. B.
History

Miss Rohrer was born in Somonauk, Illinois. Here she went through the grade school. Then after spending three years in the High School, she attended Northwestern Academy for one year. Then she went to the University of Illinois, and received her degree there.

Since February, 1909, she has had entire charge of the History department of the Clinton High School. Besides her teaching ability, she is a delightful character socially.

CLINTON '10



JESSIE M. CLINE
Latin and English

Miss Cline was born on a farm near this city. Her grade school education was obtained in this county, and her High School education in the Clinton High School. Since graduating here, she has attended the James Millikan University, of Decatur, and the Normal University. Besides teaching here, she has previously taught in the Normal public schools.

THE CLINTONIAN



LENA MAY CRUM
Domestic Science and Domestic Arts

Miss Crum was born in Wapella, Illinois. Her grade education was received in this county, and she graduated from the Clinton High School.

Miss Crum has had special work at Normal University; U. of I., Champaign, and at James Millikan University, Decatur. She has had eleven years of teaching experience, the last two having been in the Clinton High School.

CLINTON '10



THOMAS J. WILSON
Mechanical Drawing and Manual Training

Mr. Wilson was born on a farm in Richmond county, Illinois. His schooling was obtained in the public schools of Patoka, Indiana. He began teaching in a school near Kenny, Illinois. Leaving there, he taught in Welden, and later came to Clinton to serve as Principal of the Lincoln school.

He served here for four years. During this time he succeeded in getting the people of Clinton, and the students of the Clinton school interested in manual training. At different times he attended Normal University, the Northern Indiana University at Valparaiso, and the Millikan University at Decatur. Mr. Wilson is quite energetic as is shown by his rise from farmer boy to instructor of the best High School in the state, old C. H. S.

THE CLINTONIAN



HELEN M. HICKS, A. B.
Mathematics and English

Miss Hicks was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. She attended the Chicago public schools, graduating from Lake View High School in 1905. She attended the Lake Forest College and received her degree in 1909. This year she is in our Faculty.

Although our acquaintance with Miss Hicks has been short, we should greatly feel her loss if she should leave our school.

CLINTON '10



PAUL C. HAESELER
Science

Mr. Haeseler was born in Hamburg, Germany. His grade and High School education was obtained in Hamburg, Germany, and Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Later he attended the Wohlergymnasium at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and the Oberrealschule at Wiesbaden. Coming to America, he took courses in the Milwaukee Normal School, the University of Chicago, and the University of Wisconsin. Since then Mr. Haeseler has had three years of teaching experience.

In Mr. Haeseler we have a Science teacher of unusual ability for a High School position.

THE CLINTONIAN



GUNA KELLY
Music

Miss Kelly received her education in the Gibson City school, being a graduate from that High School. She has had special training at Normal University, and at the School of Music in Chicago.

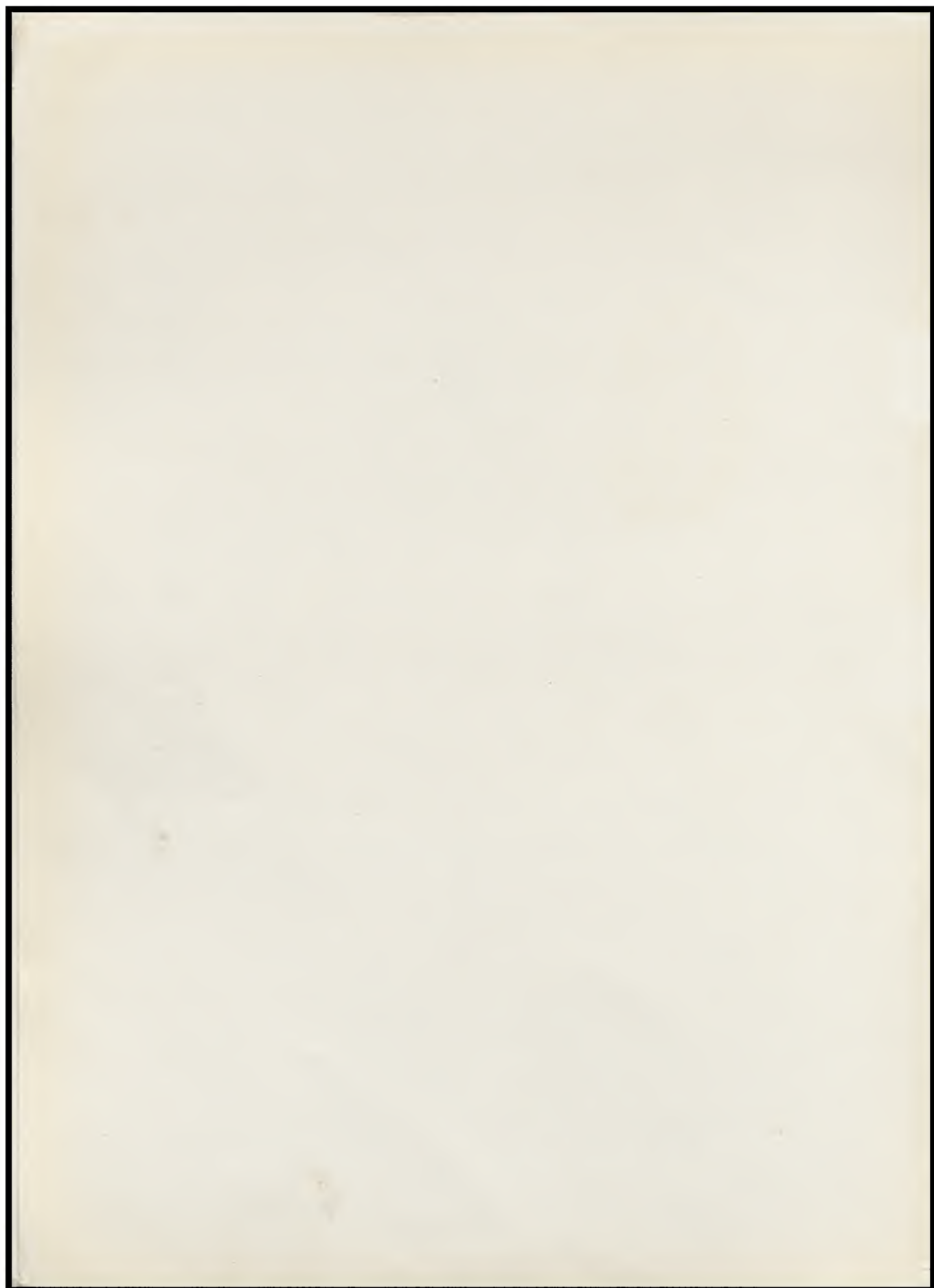
Anyone who knows the value of music to students, knows the worth of Miss Kelly to us.

H. H. EDMUNDS
Superintendent

Mr. Edmunds is a native of Illinois, having been born in Gardner, Grundy county, Illinois. After his grade and High School education he attended State Normal University. He has also had work at the University of Chicago and the University of Illinois.

Mr. Edmunds has been a superintendent of Illinois schools for seventeen years, the past three years in Clinton. He has been instructor in County Teachers' Institutes for fifteen years, and a member of Summer School Faculty of the Normal University one year. He will spend the summer of Nineteen Ten there also.

Mr. Edmunds has a life certificate for Illinois. This he secured by an examination.



CLINTON '10



OSCAR ALLEN

"Och." "Apple Jack."

*Delphian Track '07—'08. Capt. '09—'10
Football '08; Basketball Capt. '10. Pres. A. A. '10.*

"He walked as though he were stirring lemonade with himself."—Stephen Crane.

Best natured man in the class. Graceful as a coil of rope. Has a most generous nature, and takes his greatest delight in giving pleasure to others. Talks as though all his words came to his mouth at once, and he has difficulty in holding one back until he says the other. Is personally acquainted with Tom Moore, and Bill Shakespeare. Has shown great ability as an athlete; being twice chosen Captain of the track team. He walks——but look at the quotation.

"Well fellers, what do you think about it?"



THE CLINTONIAN



OTHO WILLIAM ALLEN

"Auto."

Delphian. Treas. A. A. '10

"Upon what meat does Caesar feed that he is grown so great?"

A worldly man of stern demeanor. His presence lends to the air of distinction given by that forcible manner, and that I-know look. Is possessed of a profound silence unless questioned on the Esperanto movement, when he is the source of a series of dates, names and incidents relating to this subject. An orator of no little ability. Delights in mixing the instructors up with a Latin, or German sentence and then show them the way out. Though not in the habit of creating any; yet enjoys a good solid joke.

"Well you see....."





EVA BALES

"Balzeg."

Clio

"She will not even permit of undue familiarity."

—Mark Twain.

As independent as the United States. She recites with that assurance that comes of high intellectual attainments. Will argue on the wrong side of any question, and refuses to be convinced. Never attends a class meeting, or a class function; but fortunately coincides with anything the class decides. Very fond of home and her studies, which, in part, explains her lack of desire to mix with the bunch.

"Aw, those boys run that class anyway."





ALMA PAUN CANTRELL

"Cantrell."

Clio.

"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair."—Tennyson.

A girl with strong likes and dislikes with nerve enough to assert them; is usually right. Takes life most seriously. Would like to work hard but her disposition will not permit it. Of somewhat athletic turn of mind; having induced her father to move farther from the school building, as an incentive for more physical exercise. Wears the same look for a seven she would for a ten.

"Why, of course not."





MAY BELL COOLEY

"Chilly."

Ionian

*"She was ever fair and never proud, had tongue at will,
and yet was never loud."—Shakespeare.*

A charming, harmless creature, that exists among us without much display or fuss. Never gets excited. Is looked on as Queen of all guessing contests, but has never been able to guess what her next month's grade in Physics will be. That mild, timid voice, together with the entreating look that comes from that girlish face, never fails to win the instructor to her side on any recitation. That nickname is in no way connected with the disposition.

"I guess so."



THE CLINTONIAN



WELBY NALL CRANG

"Red." "S arkle." "Sunset."

Cho

"Destroy his pun or joke in vain, the creature's at his work again."—Pope.

Incorrigible punster and a bad one. Is real devilish when he cuts loose and gives himself room. Good natured and polite to a degree, and one who could not be dispensed with when it comes to a rough house or panic. Sometimes finds the yoke of discipline a heavy one. Has a smile that is as infectious as measles. Makes the best recitations on things he knows the least about. Has at several times been known to have the post card craze, "Soapy" and "Rogers" being numbered among his victims. Would try most anything once.

"Don't burn your fingers!"





REGINA WINIFRED CROWE

"Regemma."

Sigma Class Treasurer

"She was good as she was fair."

—Samuel Rogers

Has charming blush and an insinuating manner which sometimes bluffs the instructors. Has had her troubles with the science department but managed to pull through with deep scars of the conflict, which will forever be printed on her brain. Too good, too ethereal for this earth. The first one looked for, and always on hand, where there is any work to be done by the class. Proved herself a heroine making ready for the Junior--Senior banquet. Sings like a crow. Such a catchy laugh.

"Oh! You will get into trouble."



THE CLINTONIAN



HAROLD LANE CUMMINGS

"Grinner." "Soapy."

*Ionian Baseball '07—'08. Basketball '10
Track '10 Football '07 Mgr. '08*

*"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more."—Cooper.*

Parts his hair in the middle to keep his mighty revolving thoughts properly balanced. Worked one period in the laboratory trying to find the difference in temperture between the steam from water and steam from salt water. Had a girl in his Sophomore year, the result being two funks; after thinking the matter over, has become somewhat better in his studies, but still receives an occasional letter from Danville. Talks with his hands. Very fond of Stetson hats and blue socks. Knows every time for every railroad between New York and San Francisco. Is local agent for the Larkin Soap Company.

"What do you say."





HELEN DEGAN

"Diggin."

Clio

"I am small and of no reputation."

—Psalms.

Our class infant. First of all she is a child, her joys are simple, and her wants few. Is so quiet the editors would have forgotten she was in the class had they not looked over the class roll. One of those who have shown the class that three years and a half is long for any High School course. Has ridden the ponies some, but confesses she is very much afraid of beasts.

" I don't believe it was fair."



THE CLINTONIAN



GUY LEON DICKERSON

"Crip." "Mgr."

Clio

"Penny saved is a penny got."

—Feilding.

Our pride and hero in athletics. The luckiest man in the class; was never known to be without, at least, two girls. Recites with the fluency of a Roman candle, but does not mean what he says. Has never yet been bluffed. Won the distinction of being the nerviest bluffer in the class when he stated that Daniel Boone killed Abraham Lincoln. Has been \$2.00 richer than the rest of the class, as a result of a trip to Chicago, on the night of June 11th, 1909.

"The girls are just crazy about me."





CLYDE ROBERT EDMISTON.

"Crip." "Mgr."

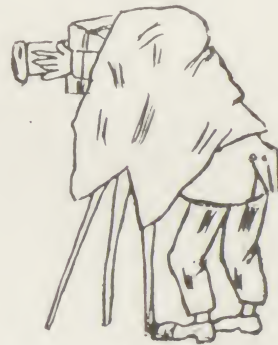
Clio

"As head strong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile."

—Sheridan.

He has the distinction of being the only baldheaded member of the class. Very fond of his three meals a day, but would sacrifice any one for the sake of an argument. Always ready to take either side of any question. Is never content with what the book says, but embellishes his recitations with observations of his own. Not much interested in telephone and telegraph lines. Has ridden the rods from coast to coast.

"Here comes Clyde with his camera."



THE CLINTONIAN



RUTH EUGENIA GRAY

"Rufus." "Foo."

Clio

"Thou knowest all without the books."

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

Has a complexion that is like the sunny side of a peach. Would rather do any thing than hurt one's feelings. Gets her lessons in one period, and has the rest of the time left to help others. Looks at her book shelf a few moments and makes a ten. Flunked in Physics recitation once, and has had nervous prostration every since. Won fame on her dish-washing story in English. Puts her hair in danger of fire every time she blushes. Is a cousin of "Frenchy."





OPHA MAY HANGER

"Ophelia."

Sigma

"God's mercy is upon the young, God's wisdom in the baby tongue."—Kipling.

Freckled just enough to be too sweet for anything. A jolly good-natured being for one so young; and burdened with so many studies. A small girl with a wee small voice, penetrating look, and a sharp intellect. Learns all her lessons by heart, and forgets the important parts. Never discouraged, not to be cast down.



THE CLINTONIAN



ELLA THOMPSON HICKMAN

"Hick." "Tom."

Sigma

"A companion that is cheerful—is worth gold."

—Walton.

Good natured and playful as a kitten. Has a startling laugh which needs filing. Happy and joysome, and never in anything but a good temper. Can get mad, stamp her feet, and say NO! invariably ending up with a twinkle of the eye and one of those ha-ha's characteristic to her alone. Is very studious, if there is no other way out of it. Recites in jerks, using the contracted method. Could explain an electric static machine in very intelligible manner, naming the positive and negative posts, etc., and then ending up with, "I don't understand what makes the sparks." Always talking, but once in a while interrupts herself and says something.

"Sure—Ha-Ha."





HELEN INGHAM

"Dutch." "Sleeping Beauty."

Ionian

*"O blest with temper whose unclouded ray, can make
to-morrow cheerful as to-day."—Pope.*

Our living joke, born on the first of April. Talks with a cross between a lisp and a mouthful of spuds. Although at times sleepy, yet after all is one of the liveliest and best natured members of the class. Takes a joke without the least bit of color. Lives in a trance, occasionally coming to her senses to make a startling remark. Was once seen to sit through a whole recitation without yawning; it is thought that the person watching her fell asleep for a few moments, thereby not keeping sight of her throughout the entire period.

"Aw, I'm Not Sleepy!"



THE CLINTONIAN



LENA LOUISE KOEHLER

"Koehler."

Delphian Class Vice-President

*"Look at that face, there isn't an ounce of immorality
in it. Only folly—slack, fatuous, feeble,
futile folly."—Kipling.*

Our celebrated combination of topsy-turvy trouble and amusement, and scatter-brained good luck. When in a good humor is one of the jolliest companions to be found. Sometimes gets mad but soon gets over it. Paralyzes the instructors by her disjointed method of reciting. Has a sort of weak voice, which mixed with her scrambled words, causes the instructors at times to guess at what she means; all previous records showing that they guess in her favor. Always claimed that "Bill" was a hero.

"Never Again."



CLINTON '10



FRENCH LEE LANE

"Frenchy." "World."

Clio Class President Baseball '08

*"What care I when I can lie and rest, kill time, and
take life at its very best."—Shakespeare.*

Treasurer of A. A. '09. Manager of basketball '10. Manager of track '10. Most popular in the class, and would take the blame for anything to save someone else. A reporter of some distinction; being at one time reporter for the entire "World;" at last pulled off a scoop and the paper busted. An excellent bluffer, who at times has almost convinced himself that he knew what he was talking about. A paralyzer of the female heart. One of many cousins—of the feminine gender. Never stands on more than one foot at a time.

"Have you heard the latest?"



THE CLINTONIAN



CARL LEASURE

"Turnie."

Clio Baseball '08

"In my mind he is guilty of no error, he was chargeable with no exaggeration."—Broughan.

Our class invalid. An artist of note. Has a laugh like a Minorca Hen celebration. Spends most of his time planning on the easiest course in High School. He waded in the sea of science, with all the vigor and determination characteristic of such a youth, but found himself in deep water; after floundering around for a few minutes, he decided the waves were too large, and retreated for the breakers. Tells a good story, draws a good picture, and enjoys a good time. A lion among the ladies.

"I like German, but I can't stand a mixture of German and Science."





WILLIAM LUKER

"Bill" "Calhoun."

Ionian

"Who mixed reason with pleasure, and wisdom with mirth; if he had any faults he has left us in doubt."—Goldsmith.

Not much of a bluffer, but never got up to recite in vain. Has holy horror of the fair sex. Had a date once, but owing to the late hour set by the accomplice, "Bill" gave it up. Listens with intense interest to Frank's pointers on how a young man should act in the presence of ladies, until he almost wishes he lived in town. Undisputed champion marble player of the High School, and would have probably starred on the Track had it not been for the prevailing winds.

"My name ain't 'Bill,' I got a nice name."



THE CLINTONIAN



FRANK BERTRAM MASON

"Frankie." "Percy."

Delphian Track '09 '10

"Then he will talk, good Gods, how he will talk."

—Nathaniel Lee.

He is fortunate in being able to veil his face in expressions of profound thought and wisdom. Can ask more questions in a unit of time of the C. G. S. system, than a polly phase phonograph. Sometimes attempts a joke and wonders at the looks of astonishment it causes. Is somewhat of a fusser; being at one time seen with one of the fair sex. Was once heard to say "darn" with great emphasis. Somewhat inclined to horse racing.

"Say, fellers, did you ever have the measles?"





RUBY MAY MATHEWS

"Noisey."

Delphian

"Thou foster child of silence and slow time."

—Keats.

She is all that we could ask, fair, neat, and obliging. One of those hard working, wise, solemn, and obedient creatures, who could study in the midst of a cyclone, or even one of those interesting 9 o'clock lectures. Hard to get started, but hard to stop when she gets underway. Never says three words where the thought can be expressed in two. Is in harmony with anything that happens. Seldom smiles, but when she does—ah, such a smile.

"Let me think."



THE CLINTONIAN



HAZEL DELL McCOID

"Neighbor." "Mack."

Ionian

*"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil o'er books
consumed the midnight oil?"—Gay.*

Independent and quiet. A diligent student. Made a hit with a 12 page theme in English; giving "Ingham" and "Rogers" a chance for a nap. A friend of whom no one would hesitate a moment to ask a favor. Took six months course in Trig, but never yet could figure out the following formula: $X = \frac{D+H}{D^2 + \sqrt{H}}$ in which D = distance from School House to Crowe's, H = route taken by Hazel, D = distance from School House to Crowe's, and back again, \sqrt{H} = route taken by "Grinner," and X = where they met.

*"Of all things on earth I hate, durn a red headed
man."*





BESSIE ANNA ROBERTS

"Bess."

Sigma

"And mistress of herself, though China fall."—Pope.

Possessed of an amiable disposition, being able to make herself agreeable on all occasions. Holds decided opinions and lives up to them. Holds to the wrong side of a question with the grip of an electro magnet with 60,000 volts, until the proof is shown, when she becomes as meek as though the current had suddenly shut off. Her desk in the assembly room is the site of some of the best grazing lands in the vicinity; ponies from all over the community coming in to graze on the different subjects found therein. Likes to talk to Clyde about the future prospects of the government owning the telephone and telegraph systems. The human talking machine. Busiest person in High School.

"I don't know a thing today."



THE CLINTONIAN



JOHN D. ROGERS Jr.

"Jack." "Judge." "Roge."

Delphian, Class Sec., Vice-Pres. A. A. '09 '10

Baseball Mgr. '08 Football '07 '08

"Because I am not a genius, you call me dull."

---Larry O'Toole, Act III.

Words fail! The fountain pen ceases its wonted flow! The editor gives up, and sinks back in his easy chair with a gesture of despair.

"What do you know?"



CLINTON '10



HOMER JEFFREY SMITH

"Smithy." "Smit."

*Sigma Baseball '07 '08 Football '08
Secretary A. A. '09*

*"'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I hear him complain,
you have waked me too soon, I must slumber
again."—Issac Watts.*

Is a remarkably pretty little boy, resembling a Mellin's Food advertisement. A cave dweller. Has strong attraction outside of school, which probably accounts for his lack of association with his classmates. A man of many troubles (mostly feminine.) Not lazy, just can't work. Started a course in Physics, but had to drop it; the work in the Lab. interfering with his resting hours. Not much of a mixer, yet well liked by everyone who knows him.

"All right."



THE CLINTONIAN



ETHEL MAY STARR

"Starry."

Clio

"A simple maid and proper too."—Floradora.

A faithful friend, an unrelenting enemy. Never does anything naughty except once in a while. Only whispered twice last semester, and was checked for it both times. Never could make the science instructor believe she knew anything about the subject. Never was known to get excited, and swallows the hardest knocks without a word of defence. Can be seen any morning between the school house and the public square between the hours of seven fifty-nine and 8 o'clock. Never has much to say at a class meeting except to keep the secretary posted on what is taking place.

"Say, kid!"





ANNA MARIE TURLEY

"Tot." "Indian."

Ionian

*"Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out at
every point and motion of her body."*

—Shakespeare.

Has a childlike face, lighted up at times with a look of almost human intelligence. Always good humored, but not to be trifled with. Does less with more effort than anyone alive. Is subject to dreams which she describes next day; usually adding an amendment or two. Goes into ecstasies over a nine in German or a seven in Physics. Is the unluckiest mortal that ever breathed, in her Lab. experiments.

"I have a new—————etc."



THE CLINTONIAN



FRED SAMUEL WADE

"Fritz." "Pretzel."

Delphian

"A young man ought to be modest."—Platutus.

A quiet, unassuming sort of a lad; taking everything as it comes. His way caused many to think him bashful in his Freshmen year; they having since changed their mind. Has an innocent look that leads many to false conclusions. Recites in such a way that if it isn't right it won't sound so bad. Made the science department feel ashamed of itself by making a 90 on a final Exam. Has a dreamy far-away-look, and an enchanting smile; all other methods of expressing emotion are entirely wanting.

"Aw, how about that?"





SAMUEL DEANE WASSON

"Bean-eye." "Parson."

Sigma Football '08

"A man who's not afraid to say his say though the whole town is against him."

Blest with a voice like a busted siren, and fills the air with a continual fire alarm. Would star if he could keep his temper and realize that the book is occasionally right. Has taken one or two lessons in rough-house, and quick-leave-taking, from a German instructor. Started out on a vaudeville career; finding that to be too strenuous, decided to become a minister. Is somewhat of a conversationalist, and can talk on any subject from a crank shaft on a "Ford" to the outcome of the campaign on local option.

"Get right with God."



THE CLINTONIAN

In Memoriam



WILLIAM R. FIELDS

"Also Rans"



"When musing on Companions gone. We doubly feel alone."

Lena Bales
Sylvia Barnett
Bess Bordner
Walter Botkin
May Brown
Mary Burke
Albert W. Day
Irene E. Dale
Harry H. Ducy
Bessie Ducy
Madge Dunbar
Edward Ellis
John Erlenbusch
Carl H. Gatchell
Ora O. Gober
Henry R. Hassinger
Eleanor Henson
Gretchen A. Jeffrey
Elisa E. Jenkins
Emmet Kent
Reuben Kirk
Ernest Large

Florence E. Lowe
Fay Medley
Marguerite Magill
Helen S. Martin
Mary K. Matson
Edward Pollock
Clarence Reed
Lucile Richey
Elva M. Riley
Philip B. Schmith
Grace L. Tilley
Gladys Whitaker
Sadie Witt
Pearle M. Woody
Sylvia Ellis
Sherman Buck
James Collier
Sarah Crang
Welby K. Harrold
Abbie Huston
Maude M. Purvis
Esther Parlier

THE CLINTONIAN

How well we started. One can hardly conceive of so great a beginning with so small an ending. Why we should have lost so many members, is a problem which will no doubt remain unsolved. That we were unkind to them is improbable; that they were treated unjustly by the Faculty seems almost out of the question. Perhaps they did not like the way 1910 was spelled, as some have shown their preference for the word 1911. To those who no longer could bear the burdens of life alone, we extend our heartfelt sympathies. Then there are those who have decided to obtain knowledge other than that contained in books and who may be found in different occupations, each selecting the one for which they are best fitted. But all those who could not stand the racket, fuss, and worry of the up-to-date High School life, we beg of you to gaze on the careworn, and time drawn faces of those who have lived through four years of it. The class of 1910 hopes that some day our ex-classmates will cause us to be proud of them as we are sure they will be proud to say they were once members of the class of 1910.



CLINTON '10

"THE ONLY WAY



To Obtain the Best
Results With Perfect
Ease and Comfort
COOK WITH GAS

Clinton Gas & Electric Co.

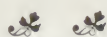
EDWARD WADE

CLARENCE E. CRANG

WADE & CRANG

**ALL KINDS OF COAL AND FEED
FEED YARD IN CONNECTION**

Telephone 127



CLINTON, ILL.

Phone 302

117 N. Quincy

FRED MUSSON
G R O C E R

Ceresota
Flour.

Wedding Ring
Goods.

J. A. C U R L

Books, Stationery and
School Supplies

704 NORTH SIDE SQUARE

EAT at the GEM
RESTAURANT

205 E WASHINGTON STREET

Frankie Bowers, Prop.

Regular Meals
Short Orders

G O T T L I E B ' S
CLOTHIERS and SHOERS

CLINTON, ILLINOIS

Society Brand Clothes, Crosset
Shoes and all kinds of Furnishings

L. C. DILLINGHAM & SON
Clothing and Shoes

We make a specialty of the Graduate
Line. Young Mens Clothing.

Give Us a Call.

Get the Habit

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream,
When you dine on green cucumbers,
And finish up on pink ice cream.
—Ex.

T. A. H U L L

Groceries, Fresh Fruits
and Vegetables

207 E. Washington.

Phone 74.

CLINTON STEAM LAUNDRY

For First Class Work.
Work Guaranteed.

Phone 116.

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore,
By saying, when he told a jest,
"I've heard that joke before."—Ex.

Go to CLINTON NOVELTY WORKS

For Sporting Goods of all Kinds,
Bicycles and Guns.

C. M. F U L L E R, Prop.

Psychologic Gymnastics



*Get a mental picture of these conditions and
dream about them to-night.*

French when not in need of a shave.

Ruth after making an imperfect recitation in German.

Cummings having eaten all the candy he wanted.

Lena without a rat.

Ella when not smiling.

Rogers walking to school alone.

May trying to smile.

Guy paying his banquet dues.

Bessie not in a hurry.

Otho taking all the examinations.

Ruby in a hurry.

Ethel looking giddy, or flirting for instance.

Mason dancing.

Helen I. when fully awake.

Welby out of humor.

Clyde seeing both sides of a question.

Opha with a fellow.

Apple Jack chinning a girl.

Homer without his girl.

THE REST being insulted because they are not being mentioned.



CLINTON '10

Seniors



Helen Ingham
Regina Crowe
French Lane
Lena Koehler
John Rogers
Opha Hanger

Harold Cummings
Ruth Gray
Welby Crang
Ella Hickman
Clyde Edmiston

Ruby Motthews
Guy Dickerson
Frank Mason
Anna Turley
Eva Bales
William Luker
Deane Wasson

Homer Smith
Bessie Roberts
Oscar Allen
Hazel McCoid
Carl Leasure
May Cooley

Ethel Starr
Alma Cantrell
Fred Wade
Helen Ingham
Otho Allen

History of the Class 1910



On the third day of September, 1906, a sturdy band of seventy-two boys and girls entered the Clinton High School. This was a memorable date for another reason: Mr. Browning also entered the High School—not as a Freshman, to be sure, but as a guide, to lead us through the mazes of High School life.

About the middle of November, the Sixth Annual Hunt Banquet was held in the K. of P. hall. Even if it was our first venture into High School social life, we enjoyed it, and felt our etiquette equal to that of the Seniors.

In March we attended the Oratorical. Thus, with but very few incidents to be placed on the records, our first year of High School life ended.

Our Sophomore year opened on the second day of September. There was a slight change in the faculty: Mr. P. M. Smith took the position of science teacher, formerly held by Miss Abby Ross; Miss Moore succeeded Miss Anna Taggart, and Miss Lela Locket took the place of Miss Mather.

After considering our most urgent appeal, the Board of Education allowed us to organize, thus making us the first class ever permitted to organize in their Sophomore year. Our officers were the following:

President, Lena Koehler.

Vice-President, Homer Smith.

Secretary, John Rogers.

Treasurer, Regina Crowe.

Our Sophomore year closed devoid of startling facts; but we had risen one step higher, and were classed as Juniors.

On entering the third year, we found that our numbers were somewhat diminished. Some were ready to enter the line of the world's

CLINTON '10

workers, while a few were not quite ready to be called Juniors.

Our faculty was changed again, and this time an addition was made. The following became teachers of the branches named: Mr. Charles Dickman, Science; Miss Jessie Toland, English; Miss Helen May, who was later succeeded by Miss Minnie Rohrer, History; Miss May Crum, Domestic Science; and Mr. T. J. Wilson, Manual Training. With this splendid faculty, and the enlarged course, we flourished; and, as this was to be our second best year, we tried to be very studious, and leave behind us the best record left by any Junior class.

It was during this year that our President and Vice-President resigned their offices, and that French Lane and Lena Koehler were elected to fill their vacancies.

A very memorable event of our Junior year was the completion of the new High School Building. On the twelfth day of February, 1909, appropriate dedicatory services were held, and we were established in our beautiful, new C. H. S.

Toward the end of the term, we decided to depart from the old custom, and to give the departing Seniors, instead of a reception, a banquet. Accordingly, on the night of June 11, 1909, Juniors and Seniors assembled with jolly, good fellowship, to enjoy the feast, given in the Armory.

On the sixth of September, 1909, thirty-one of the original seventy-three, entered as the Senior class of the Clinton High School. That same day we welcomed Mr. P. C. Haeseler as Science teacher, and Miss Jessie Cline as instructor of Latin and English.

At one of the first class meetings, we decided that our class should have a sergeant-at-arms, and therefore, we elected Oscar Allen to fill that noble office.

The second Friday after the opening of school was the day set for the girls of our class to entertain the boys at a picnic. This was held from 4:30 p. m. to 9:30 p. m. at Weldon Springs Park. The amusements were boating, games, and of course, refreshments.

As Hallowe'en drew near, the Senior boys issued an invitation to the girls to attend a party at the home of Frank Mason, northeast of the city. When we arrived at the place, we found the house decorated with

THE CLINTONIAN

jack-o-lanterns and in the class colors, red and white. We enjoyed the numerous games and refreshments, and departed at 12:00 p. m., declaring that we had been royally entertained.

On the evening of November 18, 1909, Clyde Edmiston entertained the class at a masquerade party. The comical costumes were a great source of fun, and everyone enjoyed the jolly games that had been provided.

Such has been the career of the illustrious class of 1910, up to March, of our Senior year. Of course, we are already looking forward to our commencement in June, and are anticipating many good times such as Seniors can have. As the Year Book will be published before those pleasures are realized, I shall have to leave the readers to imagine the remainder of the most glorious year of all in the history of the class of 1910.

We can say that the High School we leave is much better than the one we entered, and we hope our influence has helped to make it so. It is now with a touch of sadness that we leave, but one thing is certain; we have a memory, and we shall most surely be called back to our associations in the Clinton High School by it.

—*Hazel McCoid.*

Prophecy of the Class of '10



I was studying hard reviewing for a test. Moreover, I had been working for a long time—so long that my brain was whirling, and my thoughts were all confused. I bent over my text book, rested my head upon my hands, and tried to reason it out.

“A dyne—a dyne—. What is a dyne, anyway? What is the difference between a dyne and an erg? Well, a dyne is a——.”

Suddenly, as if by magic, the book in my lap was displaced by a newspaper which I proceeded to read. But everything that I read seemed so strange to me—I did not recognize the names that were mentioned. At length, as I glanced down the list of advertisements, my eye fell upon the following:

OSCAR ALLEN, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

Office 13 Times Square.

Residence 1313 Lake View Drive.

Office Hours A. M. to P. M.

Consultation, \$5.00 per gram.

Successful in all diseases of the brain.

“What!” I cried out in amazement, “Apple-Jack an M. D.! Impossible! This is some joke.”

I started up and ran out of doors. There, instead of the old, familiar houses and quiet streets, I saw newly-built, modern sky-scrapers, and busy thoroughfares, over which rolled heavy drays, automobiles, and

THE CLINTONIAN

street cars. I was stupefied. I threw up my hands, as if in appeal, and cried out:

"Oh, where am I? What has happened to me? I am lost—lost! Oh, I must find out where I am!"

I became more calm then, and started out to find myself. I walked rapidly down the busy street, looking all around me. As I proceeded, a great creaking sign so attracted my attention with its incessant noise that I glanced at it, and beheld in great glaring letters this:

"THE BARTONVILLE BUDGET."

"Bartonville—Bartonville," I mused. "Why, I know a town by that name. There is an asylum there. Is it possible that I am in the City of the Insane? I am going in here, and ask where I am."

At length I had summoned up courage to ask information from some of these strangers about me, and so stalked boldly in at the open door. No one was there; but I supposed I must be in a printing office, although things did not look exactly as they did in any office of the kind that I had ever visited. Presently a door opened, and a very tall, handsome man came forward to greet me. He had large hands, and a mouth that twitched mischievously, as if he were just ready to break forth in a hearty laugh. I would have known those hands and that mouth anywhere; and, as the man advanced, I darted forward, crying:

"French! French, is it you? Oh, please tell me where I am! Do you know me? I'm Ruth. And I'm lost—or something—I don't know what!"

"Well, if you aren't a Rip VanWinkle! Where in the world have you been, girl? You're not lost, that I know of. This is the town where you have always lived. The only difference is that it has grown, and has had its name changed. I don't see why you act so strangely, for you know lots of people here. Oh, by the way! Another member of the class of 1910 is here in the office. Come on in! Let's have a reunion."

I followed the editor of "The Bartonville Budget," no other than French Lane, into his private office; and there I beheld a middle aged man, deeply tanned, and dressed in a sailor's suit of blue. In him I recognized Carl Leasure, and knew that our classmate had realized his ambition—that of attending Naval School.

Just then the Honorable Editor was made aware of the fact that someone was waiting to see him. The visitor was ushered in. He was a low, strongly-built, muscular man, dressed in overalls, and wearing gum boots, simply covered with mud. He was a surly looking person and carried a long club. Evidently he had been driving hogs to market, for everything about him showed that he was a farmer.

"Now look here, Lane! I've come in to pay that subscription you've been growling about. And I want you to understand that I never want to see "Budget" in my house again. Why!—look here! Who's this?"

The farmer stopped in astonishment. But his surprise could not exceed mine, for who could have recognized in this disguise the athlete we used to know as Guy Dickerson?

The editor next proposed that we call on another member of the class of 1910. Accordingly, we walked across the street to the public library, where we found the librarian and an old woman disputing about a fine on an overdue book. The old woman was so comical that at last the librarian burst into a fit of laughter. Where had I ever heard that laugh before? Ah! could I ever forget it? I knew in an instant that the keeper of the Public Library of Bartonville was "mein Ella"—Ella Hickman.

Ella joined our crowd, and together we went in search of more. Our next visit was to the First National Bank, where we were welcomed by the President of the same. Instantly, I recognized this handsome business man, with the deeply furrowed brow, as Frank Mason.

I was then informed that the State University had been moved to Bartonville, and asked if I wished to visit it. I was eager to go, but did not once suspect that I should meet anyone there whom I knew. Imagine my surprise, when I was presented to the President of the institution, whom, when we entered, we found humming "Deutschland, Deutschland Uber Alles," and recognized this awe-inspiring person as Otho Allen.

But this was not the only surprise in store for me there. I found Alma Cantrell in full control of the Domestic Science Department; Fred Wade, a teacher in Civil Engineering; Hazel McCoid and Ruby Matthews, piano instructors; and Regina Crowe, the girl with the voice, head of the Department of Vocal Music.

The President invited us into his room; and there we held a glorious reunion. When we had found out everything about each other, our thoughts turned to the absent ones who had graduated from C. P. S. in 1910. Eva Bales, I was told, had become Chief Nurse in the Hahnemann Hospital of Chicago; May Cooley was considered the best Kindergarden teacher in New York City; Helen Degan had won renown as a novelist, and each day was receiving urgent requests for more of her beautiful stories; Helen Ingham was making a tour of Europe giving piano recitals, and receiving the applause of the monarchs; Homer Smith was the chief—and only—lawyer of the city of Parnell, but, on account of his increasing popularity, was thinking seriously of moving to Lane;

THE CLINTONIAN

Deane Wasson had gone to Africa as a missionary, and had taken with him as medical assistant, Dr. William Luker; Harold Cummings was President of the Illinois Central Railroad Co., with headquarters at Jenkins Switch; Ethel Starr had entered the literary world, and was then translating Virgil's "Aeneid;" Lena Koehler had become a society leader, and was then doing her utmost to organize a German Club, the purpose of which was to learn some of the German national songs, with gestures; Opha Hanger was owner and manager of a hair-dressing establishment in Solomon; Bessie Roberts was playing the leading part in "Mary's Lamb;" Clyde Edmiston had become the inventive genius of the age, and was looked upon as the successor of Thomas A. Edison; John Rogers was playing the part of Touchstone in Shakespeare's, "As You Like It;" and Welby Crang was candidate for President of the United States of America, on the Independent ticket.

"And Anna Turley," I interrupted my informer. "What has become of Tot?"

"Oh!" was the laughing answer, "she broke the record of the class of 1910, and got married."

"Ruth! Ruth! What in the world are you doing? Come on to bed, or you'll never be able to take that test tomorrow."

My mother's voice rang sharply on our happy reunion, and hushed the gay, happy conversation. Was it a reunion? Were we really talking to each other again? Oh, no! Slowly—slowly—and in a most unwelcome manner, dynes and ergs began to mingle with the happy boys and girls of 1910. They danced around most bewilderingly, until, at last, loving classmates had fled, and left me alone with ergs and dynes. The realization that I had been dreaming came over me like a shock. I shuddered, arose, and shook myself; walked to the window, and gazing out through the darkness, in tender memory of my vision, murmured:

"Here's to the Class of Nineteen Hundred Ten,

Fifteen girls and fourteen young men!

May your futures as brightly beam,

As I beheld them in my dream!"

—*Ruth Gray.*

Our Alphabet



- A** is for Alma, the dear little maid,
Who sometimes looks happy, and sometimes looks staid.
- A** is for Anna, known also as "Tet."
Whose tongue is always going "Flippity flep."
- B** is for Bessie, the girl with the pony,
She sometimes wears diamonds, and sometimes a phoney.
- C** is for Carl, a truly good actor,
For, in all our plays, he is the main factor.
- C** is for Clyde, who is known to be
Ahead of us all in electricity.
- D** stands for Deane, our Chaplain bold,
Who leads all the stray sheep into the fold.
- E** stands for Ella, whose nickname is "Hick;"
She is a member of the T. H. G. click.
- E** is for Ethel—her surname is Starr—
Who laughs so in English—
Har! Har! Har! Har!
- E** is for Eva, who will be a trained nurse;
She knows pretty well how to fasten her purse.
- F** is for Frank, whose surname is Mason;
For the heart of a Senior, he's doing some racin'.
- F** is for Fred, whose surname is Wade;
Of "Minna von Barnhelm" he must be afraid.
- F** is for French, president of the class,
Who always looks twice at each pretty lass.
- G** stands for Guy, our boy athlete;
So strong of muscle and swift of feet.

THE CLINTONIAN

His for Harold, otherwise "Grinner"
Oh, what a flirter! Oh, what a sinner!

His for Hazel, whose hands are so white,
She must put cold cream on them most every night.

His for Helen,—initials H. D.—
A truly good reader and singer is she.

His for Helen, who does like to look
Into the depths of a nice picture book.

Hstands for Homer, with features all Greek;
In basket ball playing, he's quiet as a streak.

Jis for John, with wit and with sense,
Who writes all the time on experiments.

Lis for Lena, who will be all Wright;
So that is the reason she's out late at night.

Mis for May, whose surname is Cooley;
She'll make a good teacher for children unruly.

O is for Opal, whose hair is so
She takes off a part before going to bed.

O is for Oscar, our athlete so tall,
Without whom there would be no field meets at all.

O is for Otho, our classmate so bright;
Of the whole Senior class, he's the most brilliant light.

Ris for Regina, a girl very sweet,
She sings like a lark, and dresses so neat.

Ris for Ruby, so prim and so quiet;
For fear she'll get fat she's willing to diet.

Ris for Ruth, so small and so mighty,
Who in her grades always makes around ninety.

Wis for Welby, often called "Red;"
Of this our *Year Book*, we've chosen him head.

Wis for William, whose hair is not curly,
And who couldn't get Lena to be his dear girlie.

Constitution of the Class of '10



Article 1. Name.

This organization shall be known by the name of "The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten of the Clinton High School.

Article 2. Officers.

Section 1. The officers of this organization shall consist of a president, vice-president, secretary, treasurer, and sergeant-at-arms.

Section 2. Any unconditioned member of the class shall be eligible for office.

Article 3. Officers duties.

Section 1. It shall be the duty of the president to preside at all meetings of the class: to enforce due observance of the constitution, by-laws, and rules of order; to offer for consideration all motions regularly made; to call all meetings; to appoint all committees not otherwise provided for; and to perform such other duties as his office may require. He shall make no motion or amendment, nor vote on any question or motion, unless the members present are equally divided, when he shall give the casting vote.

Section 2. In the absence of the president it shall be the duty of the vice-president to perform the duties of the president.

Section 2. The secretary shall keep a correct record and true record of the proceedings of the organization.

Section 4. The treasurer shall receive all the money belonging to the class; shall keep an account of all the dues, receipts, expenditures; and notify members of their dues, and collect the same. He shall from time to time, submit to the class a complete written report, and shall make no payments without a written order of the secretary countersigned by the president.

Section 5. It shall be the duty of the sergeant-at-arms to maintain strict order in all meetings of the class.

Article 4. Election of Officers.

Section 1. Election of officers shall be held whenever two-thirds of the members of the class shall deem it necessary. The term of each officer shall commence at the meeting following his election.

THE CLINTONIAN

In case a vacancy should occur in any office, the class shall hold a special election to fill the same, and the officer-elect take his seat immediately after the election.

Section 2. All elections for officers shall be determined by a plurality of all the votes cast.

Article 6. Amendments to the Constitution.

Every proposed alteration, amendment, or addition to the constitution, by-laws and rules of order must be handed to the president, who shall publish same to the class at next meeting. It may be adopted, provided it secures a two-thirds vote of the members present.

Article 7. Order of business.

A motion to change the order of business or to postpone the performance of the regular duties shall require for its adoption a two-thirds vote of the members present.

Article 8. Suspension of the By-laws.

A by-law or rule of order may be suspended, in case of emergency, by a two-thirds vote of the members present, but only for a single meeting.

By-Laws.

Article I. Meetings.

Meetings shall be held when called by the president.

Article 2. Dues.

There shall be no regular dues. Special assessments shall be made by the treasurer whenever necessary.

Article 3. Rules of Order.

Section 1. The president shall be privileged to debate on all subjects, on calling the vice-president or any other member, present and willing, to the chair.

Section 2. In a meeting, no member shall speak on any motion (except the mover thereof) more than twice, nor more than once until all wishing to speak shall have spoken.

Section 3. Roberts "Rules of Order" shall be the manual for this organization not otherwise provided for.

*Otho Allen
Frank Mason
Bessie Roberts
Ella Hickman
Fred Wade*

To the Seniors



Seniors, noble Seniors,
To you we tip our hat!
For four long years of labor
Have surely won you that.

Although you're small in number,
Knowledge you do not lack.
But now get on sweet memory's ship,
Which waits to carry us back.

"Ah! sweet remembrances."
Old Shakespeare truly said,
"Bring back to us old visions
Which you, no doubt, wish dead."

Four long years before 1910
You entered Old C. H. S.,
You were also Freshmen—
No doubt, the greenest yet.

From that time on you've labored—
Studied both night and day—
Until now your own diplomas
You see not far away.

Soon your graduating days will come,
And some of you with ease
Will act just like thermometers:
You'll get there by degrees.

And to you, noble Seniors,
We Juniors show our esteem:
We wish you best success in life—
May honor on you beam!

—A Junior.



CLINTON '10

Juniors



Leo Kurt
Henry Givens
Emmett Kent
Wesley Hardin
Edward Ellis
Robert Oliver
James Whitehead
Eugene Duckworth
Joseph Miller
Neva Hill
Abelene Cantrell

Marie Savage
Ruple Jones
Hazel Rundle
Mary Sprague
Elpha Barnett
Tressie Meadows
Aurora Schmith
Benard Murphy
Edith Grigs
Sylvia Armstrong
Elsie Crowe

Junior Class History



Early in September, in the year 1907, a large class entered the Clinton High School as Freshmen. We were intrusted to the tender care of Mr. Browning, Mr. Smith, Miss Shinn, Miss Locket, Miss Moore, and Mr. Edmunds. We were very quiet and good, and had an uneventful career during our first year, but we lost nearly one-third of our original number.

In our Sophomore year we organized as a class and elected officers. We also chose Blue and White as our class colors.

On the 12th., of February, 1909, the new High School Building was dedicated by a Lincoln program. Early on that morning a few members of our class placed a Blue and White banner on a tall near-by tower. For this breach of the school law the class organization was taken away for that year.

In our Junior year we reorganized and elected new officers, and selected new colors, namely, Maroon and Slate. We had lost many of our class and now numbered about forty.

It was in this year that we began to shine in athletics. Members of our class were on the football and basketball teams, and we are sure of a place on the track team.

On Hallowe'en the girls of the class entertained the boys of the class at a progressive party. The boys returned this entertainment with a masquerade party.

Toward the last of January, 1910, another banner with both the old and the new colors was placed upon the tower. This caused more trouble, but matters were soon adjusted.

Thus we have passed our time in the High School, and it is with the highest hopes and expectations that we intend to enter our old Alma Mater as Seniors in the autumn of 1910.

—Clarence Neble.

Junior Hallow'een Party



On Hallowe'en night the girls of the Junior class gave a party to the boys. It was a progressive party and the class was first entertained at the home of Mary Sprague. The yard was decorated with lighted pumpkin faces. In the barnyard a large bonfire was burning where we roasted frankfurters, and were served with buns. After this we roasted marshmallows and played games.

About nine thirty we went to Hazel Rundels. The house was decorated in Blue and White, and pumpkins. Cocktails were served, and games were played.

We then went to the home of Vesper Reed. The house was decorated in Maroon and Gold, cornstalks, leaves and pumpkins. We played games until midnight, after which supper was served. We departed at an early hour for our homes, declaring that we never enjoyed ourselves better.

Junior Class Masquerade Party



The Junior boys entertained the Junior girls at a masquerade party at the home of Adelbert Philips, December 16, 1909. The house was decorated in Blue and White. Games were played and we had a delightful time guessing who we were. We unmasked and were served with ice cream, cake, and hot chocolate.



Sophomores



Clyde Alwood
Frank Peters
Beach Hinchliff
George Smith
Irvin Thorp
Walker Thorp
Solomon Matthews
Harry Swan
Ray Tackett
Leland Lawrence
Carrol Jordan
Milton Miller
Roy Cooley
Henry O'Brien
Lawrence Draper
Leo Hart
Thomas Brooks
Rubie Ross
Clara Wilson
Glenna B. McKinney
Ruth Browning
Ruth Large
Ethel Maples
Gertrude Cambell
Lizzie Spencer
Mildred Palmer
Ruth Bordner
Julia Hunsley
Louise Morris
Leon Cummings
Cecil Hull
Buelah Bently
Hazel Mills
Maud McCoid
Ura Scott
W. B. Rundle
Louise Thompson
Stella Polland
Eleanor Sawyer
Aileen Arbogast

History of the Class 1912



On the morning of September 14, 1908, the doors of the Clinton High School opened to a class of seventy-one members. No doubt we were green, as most Freshmen are, but we hold the record of having the best looking class and the smallest proportion of boys.

There was Cecile Hull, whom everybody prophesied would make a good model for some future artist. Then, Lester Landgon whom some of our number supposed had received his portly figure from meddling with the air pumps in the laboratory. One little Freshman, Glenna McKinney, furnished an example of gracefulness when she made her debut into the awe-inspiring, by stubbing her toe on the platform.

On Lincoln's birthday the good little Freshmen were horrified to see the Blue and White flag of the class of 1911, floating from a nearby tower, but were relieved the next day when it had been removed. Lincoln's birthday was a memorable one for another reason. It was the dedication day of our new High School Building. At this ceremony our class was honored by being allowed to enter the new building first.

On the seventh day of May, 1909, a large number of our class attended the Corn Belt meet at Springfield, and one of our number, Ira Thorp, placed in the running broad-jump. Shortly after this came our vacation.

When we returned the following September, our number was considerably diminished. Soon after, or on the eighth of October, we organized as the class of 1912, and elected the following officers:

President, Leon Cummings.

Vice-President, Louise Morris.

Secretary, Ruth Browning.

Treasurer, Cecil Hull.

At this time we also elected Maud McCoid as Poet; Eva McKinney as Historian and Leslie Ross as Orator. We chose the yellow American Beauty rose as our class flower, and Black and Gold as our colors. Then

CLINTON '10

it was that we observed that Solomon Matthews was the most patriotic member of the class of 1912, for he carried the class colors with him all the time; that is, his coal black hair and gold filled teeth.

On February fourteenth, occurred our first party. Hazel Mills, Glenna McKinney, and Maud McCoid entertained the Sophomore class at a masquerade party at the home of Maud McCoid. The house was beautifully decorated. The refreshments and games were delightful and the costumes were most amusing.

Such has been our history so far, and we are looking forward to more good times, which will certainly help us along in our last years of work.

—William Young.

Sophomore Party



On February 14th., 1910, the Sophomore class was entertained by Hazel Mills, Glenna McKinney, and Maud McCoid at the McCoid home on Madison street.

This was the first social function given by this class, and was in the form of a masquerade, there being thirty-eight members of the class present. The costumes represented every style and nationality. The house was decorated; one room in red and white hearts, and the others in the class colors, Black and Gold. Light refreshments were served.

April First



On this evening the Sophomore class was entertained by Lester Langdon at his home in Wapella. Mrs. Langdon served an elegant four course luncheon, and the class returned on a late interurban car.



CLINTON '10

Freshmen



Rubie Houser	Nellie Raesher
Schell Samuels	Opal Bowers
Paul Riley	Marie Monahan
Irtis Minton	Alice Bowman
James Pennington	Lorraine Hinchcliff
Cecil Morris	Blanch Drago
Chauncy Lindsey	Francis Palmer
Russel Spainhour	Florence Alexander
Elsie Lawson	Ola McCormick
Una Snider	Darthula Ott
Hallie Grimes	Alta McMillion
Sallie Enos	Mabel Dowell
Irene Morphey	Olive Draper
Louis Sigman	Geraldine Gallagher
Ena Hanger	Ethel Steger
Josephine Groves	Maud Perryman
Hazel Riley	Bernice Phelps
Neva Dugan	Marie Struble
Lela Curl	Hazel James
Ella Skinner	Lenora Browning
Hannah Duckworth	Eliza Armstrong
Edna Matthews	Mary McCormick
Helen Miller	Margarite Burkhardt
Ester Smith	Edna Burke
Louise Jones	Zettie Thurber
Olive Woodward	

Ode to the Freshmen



Oh! Freshmen, ye emblems of greenness, tender in brain and years. I write to you with a few words of advice. Try not to make others think that ye are wise for ye are they that know not and know not that ye know not. Be energetic with thy studies for that is the way whereby ye may gain knowledge of books. Fear not that ye may overcrowd thy tender brains for they contain abundant space for learning. Do not the wicked and evil things in school for he who doeth wrong shall be punished, so sayeth the faculty. Honor thy teachers and thy superiors viz. the Seniors. Pluck the hayseed from thine abundant locks, lay aside thy childish ways and in time ye may rise.

—Beulah Bentley.

History of the Freshman Class

On the sixth day of September 1909, we the class of 1913, entered the Clinton High School. Our class was not very large, numbering only eighty-seven, but we proved to have some illustrious members.

Of course we were green, all Freshmen are, and many times we passed into the wrong class rooms. Most of our blunders were made during the first week of school. It was then that Hazel James was seen standing on the stairs, wringing her hands, and murmuring in a low distressed voice: "Oh! where shall I go? Where shall I go? Oh! dear! I can't find my powder rag." Whether the objects were found or not was not recorded.

Alas, at that time Irtis Minton went up to the principal's desk one morning and in a low trembling voice asked what was done to pupils who made zero in a recitation for three consecutive days. Upon being answered, Irtis collapsed. From that day to this, he has gradually grown thinner, until now Mr. Haeseler contemplates using Irtis in Physiology for the purpose of aiding them in the study of the bones.

Our faculty consisted of Prof. J. W. Browning, whose authoratative voice never failed to cause us to tremble like aspen leaves and assume an extremely studious attitude. The other members of the faculty were Profs. T. J. Wilson and P. C. Hæseler and the Misses Toland, Crum, Cline, Moore, Rohrer and Kelley. With this efficient faculty to guide us we progressed very nicely and gained much knowledge.

On the twenty-third day of December we were dismissed for a week of vacation which was thoroughly enjoyed by all. After this week of pleasure we returned to school having resolved to make even better grades during 1910 than we had during the previous years in the grades.

February began a new semester and with it came a new addition to our faculty, MissHelen Hicks, teacher of Algebra and Commercial Arithmetic. At that time we acquired a number of new members who were even greener than we had been.

Latin is the hardest

English is no joke,

But when it comes to algebra

We're all at the end of the rope.

—Buelah Bentley.



Strange as it may seem to many not connected with the High School, Athletics in the Clinton High School form a very important part of the course. This does not mean that Athletics have anything whatever to do with the course officially—not at all. It is entirely a personal matter, whether or not one participates in Athletics, but one thing is sure, that in this High School, as well as all others, there is a strange indefinable feeling against one that does not enter into outdoor sports of some kind. The feeling is largely one of pity, because it is human nature the world over to pity one who has not taken advantage of his opportunities.

The advantage of a thorough “course in athletics” to a student in High School can hardly be overestimated. When we bring ourselves to think of some of the qualities it tends to bring out,—coolness, pluck, perseverance and strength—and we realize at once what an important part it plays in the building of a foundation for perfect manhood.



Basketball Team



Homer Smith
Ernest Large
Dr. Stewart—coach
Emmett Kent
French Lane—mgr.

Harold Cummings
Frank Peters
Avery Ott
Oscar Allen—capt.
Guy Dickerson

Basketball



For the first time in the history of the High School we were represented by a basketball team. Although the first part of the season was very unsuccessful on account of lack of experience by the C. H. S. boys, at the close of the season they struck their gait and showed what true C. H. S. spirit could do.

Considering the fact that all material had to be developed and a good fast team organized the students of the High School should be proud of the records their favorites made.

The team worked most of the season without a coach, but was helped along at times by Alfred Tilley, a former student of the High School and Dr. M. E. Stewart, residing in this city. A large number of the boys played in one or more games but only six were successful in playing the required number of games to win a "C": Oscar Allen, Avery Ott, Guy Dickerson, Harold Cummings, Ernest Large, and Emmett Kent. The first named was captain of the team and French Lane was Student Manager.

The boys who played in one game or more were: Carl Leasure, Homer Smith, William Smith, Frank Peters, and Welby Crang.

Basketball Results Were as Follows:

Farmer City 55	Clinton 9
Farmer City 29	Clinton 9
Bellflower 64	Clinton 19
Farmer City 23	Clinton 6
Gibson City 32	Clinton 15
Normal 54	Clinton 26
Champaign 34	Clinton 7
LeRoy 28	Clinton 15
Decatur 51	Clinton 9
Bloomington 15	Clinton 10
Champaign 35	Clinton 15
LeRoy 14	Clinton 23
Decatur 23	Clinton 25
Brown's Business College 16	Clinton 37

Basketball Well Supported



The way in which the students of the High School supported the basketball team was remarkable, probably better than that given any team in any branch of athletics for several years.

This support was given because basketball was a new game; and also because our High School spirit is manifested to a greater extent than those of our neighbors. It has been admitted by the students of larger institutions that we should be proud of the support given the various athletic teams of our High School; AND WE ARE.



CLINTON '10

Track Team



Ernest Large	Harold Cummings
Oscar Allen	Carl Leasure
French Lane	Guy Dickerson
Louis Moran	Frank Peters
William Smith	Russel Spainhour
George Smith	Otho Allen
Thomas Brooks	Clyde Alwood
Esel Woodward	Frank Mason

Track Meet



The interest in Track Athletics has been growing in the last few years, until at this time it is greater than at any time in the history of Athletics in the High School. The reason for this is that the strength of the Track team has also been growing until it appears that this season we will be able to compete successfully with any High School in the state. Our prospects for making good showings in both the Corn Belt and Inter-scholastic are of the very best, and the chances of winning the majority of the Dual Meets on the schedule are good. The question of employing a trainer is at this time under consideration by the Athletic Association, but the result of this action cannot be predicted by the editor. If such a movement is carried out, athletics here will certainly be raised to a higher standard.

Preliminary Athletic Meet



On Saturday, March 23rd, a Preliminary and individual Athletic Meet was held. Dickerson succeeded in carrying off the individual honors with a total of 23 points. Will Allen was second with 22 points. The results were as follows:

50 yard dash: Ellis, first. Dickerson, second. Wasson third.
100 yard dash: Ellis, first. Dickerson, second. Wasson, third.
220 yard dash: Ellis, first. Dickerson, second. Peters, third.
440 yard dash: Spainhour, first. Givens, second. Mason third.
880 yard dash: Kern, first. Tackett, second. Allen, third.

CLINTON '10

Mile Run: Morris, first. Woodward, second. Dickerson, third.
Standing broad jump: Allen first. Mason second. Reed, third.
Standing high jump: Allen, first. Mason, second. G. Allen, third.
Running high jump: Allen, first. Large, second. Cummings, third.
Running broad jump: Allen, first. Dickerson, second. Large, third.
Running hop step and jump: Dickerson, first. Cummings, second.
Large, third.
Discus throw: Kent, first. Large, second. Morin, third.
Hammerthrow: Dickerson, first. Kent, second. Large, third.
Shot put: Morin, first. Large, second. Allen, third.

First Dual Track Meet



On Saturday April 9th, our Dual Track Team journeyed to Farmer City for a Meet with the High School team at that place. Although the score in the regular events was 59 to 58 in Clinton's favor, the victory of the entire Meet went to Farmer City on account of that school winning the relay race, it being the agreement that in order to be declared winner, a team should have 62 points, and as we did not have the required 62 points the relay race was run and won by Farmer City, this giving them credit for all the Meet if we were defeated. It did not discourage us, for the men whom we were expecting to win easily took first honors in their events, and the experience the new men received out of the contest repaid us for the defeat, and instead of chances not looking good, they look much better for a champion team. In this Meet Captain Allen, Edward Ellis, and Emmett Kent succeeded in winning their "C."

The Corn Belt Team



The Athletic editor predicts that the following men will represent Clinton in the Corn Belt Meet in Springfield, May 6th. These selections are made mostly from the results of the preliminary, but partly from ability of certain men who were unable to compete on that date.

50—100—220 yard dashes: Edward Ellis.

440 yard dash: Russell Spainhour.

Running high and standing broad jump: Oscar Allen.

Hop-step and jump: Harold Cummings.

Running broad jump, discus throw and shot put: Emmett Kent.

Pole vault: Thomas Brooks.

Hammer throw: Guy Dickerson.

880 yard dash: Fred Kern.

Relay team: Guy Dickerson, Fred Kern, Harold Cummings and
Russell Spainhour.

Our Alumni in Athletics



Some of the members of the Alumni Association of our High School are still upholding the honor of some College or University in Athletics. Among the most prominent members of these, are: Alfred Tilley, for this season Captain of Dartmouth College Freshmen Track Team; Charles Rademacher, last year member of the University of Chicago Football team; Thomas Meyers, a member of James Millikin University Track Team at Decatur; Fred Oliver, a member of the Leland Stanford University Track Team; Ben De Boice, Captain of Wesleyan Freshman Football Team last season; Leon Myers, a member of University Football Squad last year and Harry Lafferty, of Lombard College Track Team.

Athletic Records for the High School



Event	Record Holder	Record
50 yard dash	Clayton Morris	5 2-5 seconds
100 yard dash	Edward Ellis	10 2-5 seconds
220 yard dash	Earl Wasson	22 2-5 seconds.
220 yard low hurdles	Charles Koehler	26 4-5 seconds
440 yard dash	Francis Pinkerton	54 3-5 seconds.
880 yard dash	Frank Rademacher	2 mi. 15 sec.
Standing broad jump	Oscar Allen	10 feet.
Running broad jump	Clifford Fish	19 ft. 9 in.
Running high jump	Oscar Allen	5 ft. 5 1-4 in.
Running hop step and jump	Dwight Griffin	40 ft. 8 in.
Pole vault	Ira Sprague	10 ft. 4in.
Shot put	Charles Rademacher	42 ft. 1 in.
Hammer throw	Guy Dickerson	162 ft. 4 in.
1-4 mile bicycle	Guy Dickerson	33 1-5 sec.
1 mile bicycle	Elmer Mathews	2 min. 37 sec.



CLINTON '10

Football Team



Ralph May	Louis Morin
French Lane	Leon Cummings
Earnest Large	Harold Morris
Guy Putnam	Emmet Kent
Fred Kern	Guy Dickerson
Harold Cummings	

Football



Foot-ball was almost a total stranger to the High School students last season. The squad disbanded at the end of two weeks practice, on account of the death of one of its prominent members, William Fields, whose death is related in another page of this publication. Emmett Kent, full-back, was Captain of the team, and William Fields, Student Manager.

Almost all of the men trying for the team had experienced at least one season of football and this fact alone is enough to note what the class

THE CLINTONIAN

of the team would have been. The team for next year looks promising also, as only a very few of last year's squad graduate and an abundance of good material is now in the lower classmen ranks.

Ernest Large has been elected Captain, and William Smith Student Manager for the next year's team, both of whom are good men and will spend no little time and energy in building up a good team.

The boys who would probably have won places on the team are:

Emmet Kent (Capt.)	Ernest Large
Harold Cummings	Leon Cummings
Guy Putnam	Frank Peters
William Smith	Harold Morris
Clarence Reed	Fred Kern
Louis Morin	John Hunsley
Edward Pollock	

Responsibility of Captains

There is no greater honor this school can pay in field athletics than to elect a student Captain of one of the athletic teams. It remains a fact that the Captain of the team is the cynosure of all eyes, and holds the center of the stage.

To the Captain belongs the credit when a victory is won, and on his shoulders, too often, rests the blame when the game is lost. He is the center of the team, the man in every play. He must be a man of tact, coolness and ability, not chary of praise or too ready to blame. He must be ready with a "well done," and a cheery word of encouragement when a man has failed. And above all he must be able to, at the critical moment, when the tide seems turning, by his own individual effort restore confidence and turn the team to victory. The Captain is the man who lights the spark and puts the indomitable spirit into the team, when every man sets his teeth "to win or die."

As in all schools there are few captains who approach this ideal. Each, however must possess some peculiar ability above his fellows in order to lead the team, and on account of this, his election is the highest compliment his fellows can pay him.

The Clintonian takes pleasure in congratulating Avery Ott on his election as captain of the Basketball team for next season. And at the same time we hold out our hand to Oscar Allen who led the team last season and also gave himself so unsparingly to his work. We know that in life as well as in Basketball and Track work, he will play the game for all there is in it and we wish him success.

CLINTON '10

We also wish to congratulate Ernest Large on his election as Captain of the Football team, and it will be with a sense of confidence of the very results that Clinton will entrust her honor in the Football field for the coming season to him.

Base Ball



The interest in baseball at the High School has never been very great in the last four years. The principal reason for this is the fact that there is not enough interest in athletics in our school to support both a Baseball and a Track Team, and as Track is the one chosen by the majority of the students, baseball is neglected. An effort was made this spring to arouse interest in our national game, but as the number interested was rather small the movement was dropped. Yet it could be seen by those who have been here four years that the interest manifested this time was greater than at any time before and the editor predicts that within a very short time our school will be represented by both a Baseball and Track Team.

High School Boys Entitled to Wear the "C"



Oscar Allen:Track—Basketball
Guy Dickerson:Track—Basketball—Football.
Edward Ellis:Track—.....—Football.
Avery Ott:Basketball
Harold Cummings:Basketball—Football.
Ernest Large:Basketball—Football.
Emmett Kent:Basketball
John Rogers:Football.

Original Parody



Mr. Fan, Mrs. Fan and all the little Fans.

Hear me for my glory, and be silent that you may hear; believe me for my two bagger, and have respect to mine stolen bases, that you may believe; scare me in your wisdom, and watch my grand stand plays that you may better judge. If there be any in the bleachers, any dear friends of the ump, to him I say that McGraw's love for the ump was no less than his. If then that friend demand why McGraw arose against the umps, this is my answer:— Not that I loved the umps less, but I loved to swat him with a bat more. Had you rather the umps living and die all madmen than that the umps were dead and live all fans? As the ump loved me I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was brave I honor him; but as he made a bad decision I swatted him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his decisions. Who is here so rude that would not be a fan? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that he wouldn't stick to the umpire? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I stop for applause.

—Emmett Kent.

R. H. MONTGOMERY

"CIGARIST"

N. S. SQUARE

Finest Line of Fancy and Small Candies in the City.

A. E. SCHULER

**"Dolly Varden
Chocolates"**

Brick Cream a Specialty

West Side Square

Phone 199

CONANT'S BAKERY and CONFECTIONARY

**"The Home of Good
Things to Eat"**

East Main Street

Telephone 323

Commencement

W
A
T
C
H
E
S

J. H. SCHMITH

JEWELER

D
I
A
M
O
N
D
S

P r e s e n t s

Flatt's Confectionary

**ICE CREAM SODAS
and FANCY DRINKS**

ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY

I wonder who Ex. can be!
His wit is full of vim,
For many jokes in our paper
Seem to be signed by him.

JEANNETTE EDMISTON

High Grade Pianos, Best of Terms

WM. EDMISTON

Piano Tuner and Repairer

Phone No. 316

L. FREUDENSTEIN & SON

Clinton's Greatest Clothiers

**Home of Hart Schaffner
& Marx and L.
System Clothes**

These college men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease,
For even when they graduate,
They do it by degrees.

BOSSERMAN & POND

Fine Shoes

Florsheim Shoes For Men a Specialty

M. MOORE

Staple and Fancy Groceries
Everything New in Season

Two Phones, 63---393

N. W. Cor. of Square

The Hub Department Store

10 BIG STORES IN ONE

THE HUB
DEPARTMENT
STORE

CLINTON, ILL.

We have found nothing yet
that a Freshman resembles ex-
cept a telescope. He resembles
this closely, since they are both
easily drawn out, easily seen
through, and easily shut up.

—Ex.

Do you know where lit'le boys
go when they smoke cigar-
ettes?"

"Yep, to the woodshed."

—Ex.

QUALITY

Although you will always
find our prices a little lower, we
take more pride in the fact that
our quality is always a little bet-
ter, that's why we are justly
called the "Quality Store."

In our buying we always think of
quality first, price afterwards. But you
do not have to worry about either if you
buy your Dry Goods, Rugs, Carpets,
Ladies' Ready-to-wear apparel here.

BRADFORD
Better

MURDOCK
Merchandise

Papa, dear, see! listen here!

I'm afraid to come home with
this mark.

Every day the teachers say

My chances are pretty dark.

So I sit alone in my festive
Kahome,

Eating just like a shark—

There is no place like home,

But I'm afraid to come
home with this mark.

—Ex.

In Latin and Greek

He was quick as a streak,

In dress he was foppish and
tony;

The latter was due to his
being a freak,

The former was due to his pony.

A Freshman went to Hades,

To see what he could learn;

They sent him back to earth
again—

He was too green to burn.

CLINTON '10

Junior-Senior Banquet



As the school year of Nineteen Nine drew near the close, each and every Junior realized that they had not come to school for study alone, but also for some pleasure. At this time we began to think of parting with the class of Nineteen Nine, and deemed it best to show our esteem for them by giving a banquet. After the Commencement exercises on the evening of June Eleventh, Nineteen Nine, some with glad hearts, some with sad hearts, and all with tired bodies, marched to the banquet hall. Toasts were given after the feed and at a late hour we started home. The Class of Nineteen Nine were known as Seniors from this day on.

Menu of The Junior Senior Banquet.

Celery

Olives

Young Radishes

Sweet Pickles

Salmon Salad

Roast Young Capon. With Dressing.

New Potatoes a la gratin

French Peas

Waldorf Salad

1910 Special

Cake a la Juniors

Strawberries and Cream

Iced Tea

Coffee

French Rolls

Program Junior-Senior Banquet



Toast:—"TO THE SENIORS."

"None but thyself can be thy parallel."

—Harold Cummings.

Toast:—"TO THE JUNIORS."

"How beat our hearts big with tremulous joy."
Somerville.

—Hazel McCoid.

Toast:—"TO OUR FACULTY."

"Thou art the friend, to whom shadows of long years
extend."—Byron.

—Welby Crang.

Toast:—"TO THE ATHLETES."

"He that is valiant and dares to fight,
Though drubb'd, can lose no honor by't."—Butler.

—Regina Crowe.

Toast:—"TO THE BOYS."

"There are some hours that pass so soon,
Our spell-touched hearts scarce know they end."

—Lena Koehler.

Toast:—"HERE'S TO YOU."

"Here's a toast to all who are here
No matter where you're from:
May the best days you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come."

—Professor Browning.

FAREWELL ADDRESS:—

"Now speed you homeward, friends, and mind you no
stops by the way! 'Tis excess that clogs the workshop, and
moderation is our watchword."

—Lyle McKinney.

Senior Picnic



The girls of Nineteen Ten gave the boys of Nineteen Ten a picnic on September 17, 1909. We started at four o'clock for Weldon Springs on a hay rack. We felt like "wee little folks," so we chose as our chaperon, Miss Mable Moore, the Latin instructor. We were all hungry and so we were not long in preparing our supper. After supper the time was spent in popping corn and boat riding. On our way home we sang some of our favorite selections. As we parted that night we each wished in the following years we could have an annual picnic.

Hallow'een Party



The Senior boys gave the girls of the Senior class a party at the home of Frank Mason, two and one-half miles from the city. We met at the home of John Rogers and went from there in a carryall. As it was the night of pranks, on arriving we found that the boys had been busy, and barred the down-stair entrances. To enter the place of mirth, we were compelled to climb a ladder to the roof of the porch, and enter by way of the window. Our way into the house was lighted by pumpkins, the light shining through "1910" and "C. H. S." The house was beautifully decorated in the Senior colors. Yes, the Faculty was there, but what time? Eleven o'clock. Why? Owing to the speed of Miss Moore's horse! An enjoyable evening was spent, and refreshments were served that were appropriate for the occasion.

Masquerade Party



Clyde Edmisten entertained the Senior class at a masquerade party on November 18, 1909. As we entered the door, numbers were pinned on us and we were given a pencil and a piece of paper. The one guessing the largest number of masked classmates was given a prize. As we departed, all of us declared we had never enjoyed ourselves more.

Valentine Party



A few days before St. Valentine's day, the Seniors were very much surprised to find upon their desks, small white envelopes written upon in red ink; but upon further investigation they found that four members of the said Senior class, would try to entertain their fellows.

The said Seniors were Helen Ingham, Regina Crowe, Ruth Gray, and Lena Koehler; the party was to be held at the home of the last.

Some time was spent in preparing the decorations, as there were thirteen hundred and sixty-five red and white hearts used. The evening was spent in games. First came the guessing contest, in which William Luker succeeded in answering all the questions correctly. After more games the party was photographed.

After this a three course luncheon was served. When the time came for departure, the entire class most heartily thanked the hostesses for their evenings pleasure.

Lemon Party

The Senior class was entertained at a lemon party on April 11, 1910, by "Two Pairs." The "Two Pairs" were the Misses Ella Hickman, Hazel McCoid, Alma Cantrell, and Anna Turley, the party being given at the home of the latter.

The evening was spent in playing many different games. The one liked best by all, was the "Senior." It was a progressive game and prizes were awarded to the ones getting the most games. Miss Rohrer and Welby Crang being the lucky ones.

The house was decorated in lemons and yellow crepe paper. At a late hour we left, declaring this to have been the cleverest, and most entertaining party, given by our class.

The Last Hunt Banquet

It had been the custom for six years prior to Nineteen hundred seven, to have a day in the fall set aside for the boys to hunt game, and in the evening have a banquet. The banquet given in Nineteen Six, was the last one of its kind. Toasts were given that were appropriate to the evening.

Societies



This year we were somewhat surprised when we learned that the old way of obtaining a credit in rhetorical was to be thrown out, and a new system instituted. The new plan provided for the division of the school into four sections. These met and elected officers for the first semester and also chose their names. Those in section one chose that of *Clio*, section two *Ionian*, section three *Sigma*, section four *Delphian*.

The plan in use this year, was to have every one appear on the program once each semester. These programs can be held in the presence of the society only, unless the members vote to invite guests. Then each society was to have one public program each term.

Although this was a radical change, it met with favor with most of the students. The societies have at different times held socials, and these have indeed, been enjoyable affairs.

Lives of Juniors oft remind us
That we once stood in their place;
And, departing, left behind us
Greener ones to fill our space.

Revised Version of the Twenty-third Psalm.

1. The pony is my helper; I shall not flunk.
2. He maketh me to have good translations, and leadeth me to much glory.
3. Yea, though I plod through the Fourth Book of Virgil, I fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy words and thy phrases they comfort me.
4. Thou preparest my lessons before me in spite of my teacher; thou crownest my head with fame; my standings run high.
5. Surely applause and recognition shall follow me all the days of my life; and the pony shall dwell in my house forever.



Clio



The Clio Society held its first program on Friday evening, October 22, 1909.

The second program was held November 17, 1909. After this program, a social was given to the invited guests.

OFFICERS

First Semester

Welby Crang
Ruth Browning
Marie Savage
Ruth Gray
French Lane

John Hunsley
Beach Hinchcliff
Adelbert Phillips
French Lane
Carl Leasure
Welby Crang
John Davis
Leo Hart
Henry O'Brien
Don Magill
Lyle Crum
Bernard Lynch
Ralph May
Joseph Miller
Darthura Ott
Harriet Richardson
Marie Savage
Edith McNeally
Helen Degan
Alta McMillan

Second Semester

President Carl Leasure
Vice-President John Davis
Secretary Leslie Ross
Treasurer Edna Matthews
Sergeant at Arms Welby Crang

Ruth Browning
Bernice Phelps
Hannah Duckworth
Alma Cantrell
Ethel Starr
Beulah Bently
Ruth Gray
Louise Thompson
Hazel James
Louise Morris
Mable Dowell
Tressie Meadows
Zettie Thurber
Florence Alexander
Florence Palmer
Margaruite Burkhart
Edna Matthews
Irene Morphew
Olive Woodward
Ruth Bordner

Sigma Society



The Sigma Society was organized on November sixth, Nineteen Nine.

On the evening of November 12th., the Sigmas met for their first literary program. According to the by-laws of the said society, the first part of the evening was taken up with business transactions, then came the program, consisting of readings, essays, piano and violin solos. After the program the rest of the evening was spent in a social way. A box supper was given by the girls, and games were played. At ten o'clock the meeting adjourned by request of the janitor.

The Sigmas gave their next program on January 14, 1910. It was a musical, and was enjoyed by all who were present.

OFFICERS

First Semester

Esel Woodward
Regina Crowe
Robert Oliver
Homer Smith

Walter Matthews
George Allen
Russel Spainhour
Henry Givens
Wesley Hardin
Deane Wasson
Raymond Tackett
Thomas Brooks
Irtis Minton
Homer Smith
William Young
Neva Dugan
Alice Wilson
Ethel Maples
Carrie Kellogg
Marie Struble
Ura Scott
Maud Perryman
Estella Poland

President
Vice-President
Secretary
Treasurer
Sergeant at Arms

Bessie Roberts
Loraine Hinchsliff
Ella Hickman
Ola McCormick
Louise Gorman
Opha Hanger

Second Semester

ElRay Wampler
Lenore Browning
Walter Matthews
Robert Oliver
George Allen

James Pennington
Leland Lawrence
Robert Oliver
George Smith
Esel Woodward
Cecil Morris
Roy Cooley
Maud McCoid
Verneal McKee
Eleanora Sawyer
Sallie Enos
Glenna McKinney
Gertrude Campbell
Alice Bowman
Elsie Lawson
Anna Sheehy
Elray Wampler
Leonore Browning
Regina Crowe





Ionian



The Ionian Society gave their first program on the night of October 30, 1909. After the program the society met in the basement for a frolic. Many games were played and refreshments were served, after which they departed for their many different homes.

The second program of the society was given November 21, 1909.

The Ionians gave a public program in January, 1910. All the numbers pertaining to college, and a sketch entitled, "The Class Day Conspiracy," was given.

OFFICERS

First Semester

Harold Cummings
Flora Drago
Guy Putnam
Cecil Hull
Guy Dickerson

Second Semester

President Helen Ingham
Vice-President May Cooley
Secretary Hazel McCoid
Treasurer Fred Ball
Sergeant at Arms Leo Kurt

Fred Ball
Harold Cummings
Leon Cummings
Leo Kurt
Chauncey Lindsay
Harold Lovenguth
Walker Thorpe
Harwood Young
William Luker
Guy Dickerson
Arthur Kraft
Eugene Duckworth
W. B. Rundle
Solomon Matthews
Rennie Armstrong
Leah Mayall
Mildred Palmer
Esther Smith
Helen Miller
Josephine Groves

Nellie Raesher
May Cooley
Eva Bales
Hazel McCoid
Minnie Crang
Flora Drago
Elsie Crowe
Geraldine Gallagher
Olive Draper
Hallie Grimes
Una Snider
Edna Burk
Cecil Hull
Ella Skinner
Sarah Tracy
Helen Ingham
Anna Young
Hazel Mills
Opal Bowers

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1910



We, the Class of 1910 of the Clinton High School, realizing that the time draws nigh when we shall cease to exist as a class of the Clinton High School, and being of sound mind and memory, do make and publish this, our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills and testamentary depositions by us made.

We hereby appoint Professor J. W. Browning, principal of this said Clinton High School, and our guide during these four years of High School life, sole executor of this, our will.

It is our will and desire, and we hereby so direct, that all our property herein named shall be distributed as directed; and that our executor heretofore named shall use his greatest ability to carry out the provisions herein made.

It is our chief desire that our memorial—The Bust of Apollo—shall receive all necessary care to protect it from abuse; and that it shall always remain in plain view in the front hall of the said High School building.

We give and bequeath unto the Faculty of this said High School our heartfelt gratitude for enduring the pains, trouble and worry we have caused them during the past four years. We also give and bequeath unto this said Faculty all the ponies belonging to this class, which they have for a long time tried to secure.

We give and bequeath unto the students of the said High School our perpetual love and good wishes.

We give and bequeath unto the members of the Athletic Association of this said High School our entire share of the equipment and other property in which we have a share—this property to be used, and used alike by all the members of this Association.

We give and bequeath unto the Junior Class of this said High School the right to become full-fledged Seniors, and to be entitled unto the privileges thereof.

CLINTON '10

We give and bequeath unto the President of the Junior class of this said High School the front seat in the first row on the south side of the Assembly room; and, beginning with the second seat, we give and bequeath unto the said Junior class as many seats, working north, as they find it necessary to occupy, together with all the property therein found.

We hereby advise that the Junior class of this said High School elect John Davis as Chaplain of the said class, to whom we will bequeath one volume of Chaplain Wasson's "Sermons and Prayers," to be used in all meetings of the class.

We hereby give and bequeath The Marble Championship, heretofore held by William Luker, to Don Magill. It is our desire that he defend this title against all comers.

We give and bequeath unto Avery Ott, of the Junior class, the old tobacco box formerly owned by John Rogers. This said box to be filled with Sterling fine-cut.

We will and bequeath unto John Davis of the Junior class a collection of sketches, drawn by Carl Leasure and Guy Dickerson of this said Senior class.

We give and bequeath unto Guy Putnam of the Junior class the smile that won't come off, formerly owned by "Grinner" Cummings of this said Senior class.

All property not herein mentioned we give and bequeath to the members of the said Junior class, to be used for their benefit or pleasure.

Witness over our hand and seal this the tenth day of February, 1910, to our last will and testament, made in the city of Clinton, County of DeWitt, State of Illinois,

CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED TEN.

SEAL:

The foregoing will was witnessed by us this tenth day of February, 1910, at the request of the testators, and our signatures given thereto in their presence.

Witnesses: French Lane, Pres.
Oscar Allen.



Delphian Society



The Delphian Society met for their first program on November 1, 1909. The program was on the inaugural order and was closed by the inaugural promenade.

On December 13, the Delphian Society held their program, and after the program refreshments were served.

The public program of the Delphians, was given on February 28, 1910. It was in celebration of Longfellow's birthday.

<i>First Semester</i>	OFFICERS	<i>Second Semester</i>
John Rogers	President	Otho Allen
Helen Roberts	Vice-President	Abilene Cantrell
Louis Morin	Treasurer	Oscar Allen
Aurora Schmith	Secretary	Lena Koehler
Emmett Kent	Sergeant at Arms	Bernard Murphy
Otho Allen	John Ely	
Frank Peters	Milton Miller	
Emmett Kent	Carrol Jordan	
Louis Morin	Lawrence Draper	
Oscar Allen	Paul Riley	
Fred Wade	Bernard Murphy	
William Smith	Walter Large	
Clyde Alwood	James Whitehead	
Vernon Allison	Fred Kern	
Clarence Reed	Blanch Drago	
Frank Mason	Ena Hanger	
Louise Jones	John Rogers	
Ruby Houser	Aurora Schmith	
Clara Wilson	Hazel Riley	
Lucile Elward	Ruby Matthews	
Mary McCormick	Ruby Ross	
Irvin Thorp	Marie Monahan	
Ruth Hughes	Lela Curl	
Mary Sprague	Julia Hunsley	
Aleen Arbogast	Sylvia Armstrong	
Lorrena Lawrence	Lizzie Spencer	
Abilene Cantrell	Eliza Armstrong	
Reba Meadows	Ethel Steger	

H. B. LUNDH & SON

Jeweler and Optician



CLINTON, ILLINOIS

CLASSY SHOES

FOR

CLASSY PEOPLE

T. Hendrix & Sons

ALSUP & ALSUP

**STAPLE and FANCY
GROCERIES**

Clinton, - Illinois

Professor Hæselar:—
Mr. Lane, in what part of this
animal is the mouth?

Lane:— Well-a-er-why-
in the front end, Professor.

Sunday School Teacher
(sadly):—I'm afraid, Johnny,
that I'll never meet you in
Heaven.

J. R.:—Why? What
have you been doing now?

H. G. BEATTY & CO.

HARNESS

BUGGIES

HARDWARE

Phone 229

Mrs. Stella Crang
Fine Millinery

Dr.:—Deane, what are
you holding that dying man's
nose for?

D. W.:—Why! to keep
his breath from leaving him.

Ella's Brother:—Ella, if
'C' stands for cat, what does
'D' stand for?

E. H.:—What papa says
to the cat.

Teacher (to pupil just
entering High School):—What
is your name, little boy?

W. L.:—The boys call
me Bill, but my maiden name
is William.

Mr. L.:—Carl, what
have you learned at college?

C. L.:—The yell.

THE STYLE STORE

CLOTHES

All Up-to-date Men, Enuf Ced.
MORRIS FANTLE

HENRY BLOME

MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars

FACTORY, EAST MAIN STREET

VISIT MACY

FOR FINE PHOTOS, GUAR-
ANTEED SUPERIOR FINISH,
ALWAYS SATISFACTORY

The Famous Cash Store
WILL BERKSON, Prop.

**Clothing, Shoes, Ladies'
and Gents' Furnishings
DRY & GOODS**

CLINTON, ILL.

LADIES AND GENTS GAR-
MENTS CLEANED AT
J. F. CAHILL'S DYE
WORKS ☐☐ CORNER OF
MONROE AND WASH-
INGTON STREETS ☐☐☐☐

BAGGAGE LINE

OFFICE CARTER'S
LIVERY STABLE
East Main Street

OUR TEAS, COFFEES AND
SPICES ALWAYS GIVE
SATISFACTION

O. A. DAY

Phone 652 203 E. Main Street

EVERYBODY WELL
FED AT THE

INTERURBAN LUNCH ROOM

Everything is neat and clean and
service the best

100 Block,
S. Monroe Street

Clinton, Ill.

Uncle Joe's Invention



Since mother's death, five years before, I had presided over my father's home. Our family consisted of father, hale and hearty, aged fifty-five; Grace, that is myself, a tall, lank girl of twenty; Sue, a plump little dumpling of sixteen; Dickey, a petted, tricky boy of fourteen; and Uncle Joe Pickens, our mother's youngest brother. He was thirty, but he seemed to us nearer sixty. I suppose our idea of his old age arose from his indifference to our youthful sports.

We lived on a farm of seventy acres, which afforded us a comfortable living. Uncle Joe was not a farmer, but often helped father in the busy seasons. However, the most of his time was spent in making nicknacks which readily sold in the neighborhood and surrounding villages; or in studying foreign languages. Since his coming to us, three years before, he had spent every leisure moment in the perfecting of an invention, the kind or purpose of which we did not know. Father knew about it, but neither he nor Uncle Joe would give us any satisfaction. It was always our luck to be answered in such a manner as, "Time will tell, till then you must wait." Or, "You wouldn't understand if told about it, and besides its of no consequence to you."

This mysterious affair was in an inner room of uncle's workshop upstairs, and the door was always locked, and the windows shaded by a heavy curtain. Poor Dickey got more than one good shaking from uncle, and once had his jacket well dusted by father for prying around, and then never caught a glimpse of "that hateful old thing," as he termed it in his wrath.

Still, there were two or three points we did learn; first, that uncle had suffered failure after failure in trying to make it work, but was still hopeful of success; second, that father had been hopeful for the first two years, but when the third year dawned on its unfinished state, his hope began to fade; third, that from looking on uncle as one whose genius the world would yet acknowledge, he now considered him as one to be pitied for his foolish fancies and aircastles. Uncle Joe was slight, frail, and in his quiet ways and gentle tones of voice, reminded father of our sainted mother. I am sure poor uncle, with his sensitive nature, felt the

change from hearty encouragement to soothing, pitying gentleness; but he pursued his way without a word.

It was about this time that Sue and I received a shock that fully aroused us from our summer dreams. For nearly a year, we had been corresponding with our cousin, Lillian Risbey. Her mother was father's sister. When mother died, Aunt and Uncle Risbey attended the funeral, and stayed with us a week after. Aunt was kind and loving, and showed great sympathy for us in our sorrow, but Uncle Risbey did not favorably impress us. He was a successful banker, lived in elegant style, and had a gruff and haughty bearing. To do him justice, I believe he tried to be kind, but his kindness had in it something so scornful that we could not be grateful for it. He left feeling hurt, and taking no pains to hide it and we, on our part, remained humiliated by his pride and wealth.

Great, therefore, was our astonishment on receiving Lillian's first letter. It was kind and affectionate in tone, so we answered it. Others came, and we learned to love her, perhaps through sympathy. She too, had lost her mother, about two years ago, and had realized what loneliness was.

Lillian had completed her study of the English course, in one of the best private training schools, but it had been her one aim in life, to study and know French, German, and Italian languages. And now that her mother was gone, her last hope vanished, for how could she think of leaving that lonely father, who had no one but her to comfort him?

Proud and gruff as he was, yet the father loved to feel Lillian's soft hands caress his careworn brow. He was not the man to think or ponder over the study of ancient languages; his sole art was the hoarding of money—wealth was his aim. Never did he realize the grief and sacrifice that dwelt in that tender heart, or perhaps he would have allowed Lillian to go where she might fulfill her aim.

Soon he noticed that his daughter was declining in health. At once he determined to take her to the seashore; but Lillian had different plans. She begged her father to allow her, for just one month, to visit those humble country cousins who had written her such kindly letters. At first he was steadfast, and said we would not want her, but after many promises, and almost imploring, he yielded.

As it was, fear and joy mingled, seized us upon receiving a letter from Lillian early in June, saying that she would be with us for a visit by the end of the month. Everybody in the family was called upon to aid in beautifying our humble home as much as possible. Uncle Joe said there was one comforting thought, namely, that she would appreciate the golden butter, freshly made, the rich milk and cream, and the newly laid eggs, not mentioning the delicious fruit, fresh from the vine.

THE CLINTONIAN

Late in June, we received a dainty little note, saying that she would arrive on the twenty-seventh, at five p. m.—that very afternoon.

How everyone was busy in the house making ready for the final welcome! The chores were done, the table was set, making, with its snowy cloth, napkins, silverware, glasses, cakes, and preserves, a grand display we could not bear to disturb. Still feeling the need of a meal, we marched into the buttery, and there satisfied our hunger with bread and milk. We were laughing and talking when Uncle Joe said, "Whist! isn't that the sound of wheels?"

Yes, father had returned, and we all ran out to welcome Lillian. On reaching the carriage, we heard a sweet voice say, "This must be Uncle Joe, whom Grace and Sue have written to me about."

"The same, Miss Risbey," was uncle's answer. He lifted her from the wagon, and assisted her up the walk to the door.

Her portrait, which she had sent us, pictured her to us as a rather large, handsome woman, and there she stood before us, a perfect fairy-like beauty, more like a child of twelve, than a young lady of eighteen.

After the confusion of our welcome was over, we were soon seated at the supper table—Uncle Joe and Dickey at one side of the table, Lillian and Sue opposite, father at the head, and I at the foot. After noticing that Lillian did not eat much, Dickey demurely asked, "Did you, too, cousin, have a bowl of bread and milk?"

"Why," said father, looking around, "It seems you all have had bread and milk, or something, and so can't eat anything."

Dickey arose, darted into the pantry, and brought in the empty pans and bowls on a tray. I could have boxed his ears for betraying little family secrets. There never was a worse boy than he.

"And now," said Lillian in great glee, "if you only had my empty lunch basket, the mystery would be wholly unravelled."

When the meal was over, all the family went into the parlor. Father was the chief entertainer, although Dickey never hesitated about chiming into every conversation. Lillian and Dickey had truly become fast friends, as well as loving cousins.

From the first, Lillian was at home with us. Our old home delighted her, and our plainness did not distress her in the least. She loved Sue, with her dark, gladsome eyes, her rose leaf complexion, and wreath of golden brown hair. As for Dickey, although she often boxed his ears for his disrespect to Uncle Joe, he was the dearest boy in the world to her. Uncle Joe, by his kind, gentle disposition, soon won the confidence of Lillian, and gained her deepest respect and favor. His

knowledge of the Classics was interesting to her, and in the evenings after his work was done, he would translate long passages from "The Aeneid," and "The Georgics," or perhaps from "The Armada," a Spanish composition. These were delightful to her, and the skill and ease with which uncle read in these foreign languages, was quite astonishing, as well as entertaining. Lillian thought what a joy it would be to her, if she only had that great accomplishment; but she dare not think of that, for it would be impossible to go to college to study the languages. Perhaps Uncle Joe could teach her. But even that hope and unconscious joy vanished when she heard him say that he was soon to leave the farm.

At last the day came, and Uncle Joe arose rather early, and came into the kitchen, dressed in his best suit. "I am going to leave you for awhile, Grace," he said, and I could see that the unbidden tears were beginning to flow. I had heard father say that his invention was finished, and that as soon as he could make it known, success was his, but upon seeing him so distressed, I was quite puzzled. He took my hand, and after brushing away a few tears, said that his hope was by no means clear; one minute it would flit before him as a brilliant success, again it would be all in darkness. I chastised him for his gloomy feelings, and assured him of our wishes for his success. After bidding us all good-bye, he left the yard, and we heard no more of him for some time.

The shortened days of October, with their mournful winds, grey clouds, and frequent showers, had come. We girls spent the time in sewing and reading, and trying to make Lillian joyful, for since uncle had left, she seemed to have lost much of her sunshine. Dickey said that it had followed Uncle Joe out into the world. Nor was he falsely speaking for Lillian missed the evening stories read by Uncle Joe. The little family group seemed lonely and silent, as if waiting for him to return.

One afternoon, while looking from the windows of the sewing room, we saw a carriage stop before the gate. We arose and went out. The next instant, Uncle Joe, with a buoyant step, alighted, and Uncle Risbey followed. We rushed out, and what joy and confusion there was! Uncle Joe Pickens kissed Sue and I, and folded Lillian to his heart. We all greeted Uncle Risbey, and Lillian danced around him like a fairy. I don't know how we got into the house again, but we were there when father and Dickey came in from the field.

That evening, around a cozy fireplace, for the chill of coming winter made a fire necessary to be comfortable, we heard the history of Uncle Joe's success. His invention was a translaphone, which was an

THE CLINTONIAN

instrument by which any foreign language could be translated into English. The field of his success was broad, for the patent had been accepted, and the translaphone would be used in every European country as well as in America. With a letter from father, and Uncle Risbey, he had been able to secure acknowledgement of his work, and success was truly his.

With this fortune looming up before him, uncle made bold to take another step upon which he declared his life's happiness depended, that of obtaining permission of Uncle Risbey to ask for Lillian's hand. As a result of his courage, and brilliant fortune, both uncle and Lillian were the happiest of mortals. They left for New York, after a week's visit with us. How lonely we felt after they were gone. Six weeks later we received invitations to one of the most aristocratic weddings in New York. Sue and I, in splendid robes of Lillian's providing, were among the bridesmaids, and Dickey, beardless boy that he was, in an elegant suit, was one of the groomsmen.

After some time, Uncle Joe and his bride visited us. Lillian said that she was perfectly happy, now that all her idle time was spent in studying the languages with the assistance of a translaphone, it was much nicer to be at home with her husband and dear father than to go to college. Upon leaving us, Uncle Joe placed a package in father's hands, and when opened, we found that the mortgage had been paid on our farm by Uncle Joe.

There is a matter that troubles Dickey a great deal. It is this: While Uncle Joe and Cousin Lillian were in no way related, the former on our mother's side, the latter on our father's side, were respectively uncle and cousin to us; now, by their marriage, has Uncle Joe become our cousin, or has Lillian become our aunt? I hope someone will be able to settle this matter before his brain is completely destroyed.

—*Helen Degan.*

Naming the Flannigan Baby



"It does seem like I'm clean run out o' names for this last young'un?" Said Mrs. Flannigan, wringing a garment out of her wash-tub as she spoke, and shaking it so vigorously that she scattered a fine spray of soapy water over her visitor, her "last young'un," and herself. "Now, it was just as easy to name the other children! 'Rose Violet,' and 'Ruby Pearl,' popped into my head 'thout any bother 'tall; but I'd like somethin' fancy for this 'un. My ma named me 'E-liza,' and I allus hated it—not's I care much now, but when I wuz a girl"—and she shook her head mournfully. "But this here kid's most six months old, and I've got to think up somethin' 'fore the week's out!"

"Well, high-soundin' names is all right, if you like 'em," said her neighbor, "but fer me, give me plain 'uns every time. Mis' Cocran named her baby after the man what keeps the Racket Store, and he gave it a silver dollar and two yards and a half of the beautifulest caliker fer a dress. 'f I's you, I'd name it after someone like that 'nd let fancy names go to holler. But I must be goin'."

"Don't hurry off—set awhile longer," urged Mrs. Flannigan.

"No, I've got to get my ole man's dinner ready, or he'll be after me."

As Mrs. Flannigan "sudsed," and "rinsed" the clothes, she thought of naming the baby for someone who would give it a dollar, or some gift of value. At noon she and the children ate their dinner from the kitchen table. When they had eaten all the bread, molasses, and bologna sausage that she saw fit to give them, she turned them out of the house, and gave these instructions to her two eldest, "Now, Rose Violet, you jest git them clothes on the line while I fix up to go downtown; and Ruby Pearl, you git the baby cleaned up and put him in the cart."

Mrs. Flannigan was soon ready for her trip. She started down the street, pushing the squeaky baby cart, quite as happy in her home-

THE CLINTONIAN

made suit as anyone could be. She first went to Mr. Anderson's law office, to get her weekly pay for the washing. Mr. Anderson paid her, and remarked:

"That's a fine baby you have. What's his name?"

"We haint decided yit—bin waitin' for somebuddy to give us a present," replied Mrs. Flannigan.

Mr. Anderson smiled to himself, and then said: "How much would you take to call him George? Three dollars?"

"Two'll be all right," answered Mrs. Flannigan, and taking the money, she tied it in the corner of her handkerchief.

On her way down the street, Mrs. Flannigan passed the "Ladies Emporium," a large dry-goods store. In the window was a fur cape marked, "Now \$5.49," which she wanted very much. She hesitated a moment, then went into the store, taking the baby and cart with her. The proprietor was near the door, and came forward to wait on her.

"O, Mr. Ellis! Is that the least you'd take fer that there cape?"

He smiled, brought the cape from the window, and asked: "How much would you give? Four dollars and a half?"

"I haven't got but three and a quarter."

"It cost me more than that," he began, but she interrupted with:

"I'll give you these," as she untied her handkerchief, and held out the money, "and I'll—I'll name this here baby after you."

Mr. Ellis laughed heartily. "That would surely be worth a dollar he said, as he took the money, and wrapped up the cape for her. "But maybe you'll want to back out when you hear my name. It's Ebenezer Jeremiah!"

"Them ain't so awful bad, and that cape's a beauty," said Mrs. Flannigan.

She left the store with a smiling face; but suddenly her countenance clouded, and she said to herself, "Fer land's sake, Eliza Flannigan! What have you done? You've gone and spent that money, and it didn't b'long to you, 'tall! Somethin' had better be did!"

And something was "did." It resolved itself into more calls at other various business places, with gratifying results. It was so easy, for the men would just laugh and name the baby, sometimes for themselves, but more often for a friend. Mrs. Flannigan returned home at six o'clock, very tired but happy. In addition to the cape she had a butter-dish, a silver-plated mug, a bib for the baby, an imitation gold beauty pin, with "Our Darling" engraved on it, a baby's bonnet, and five silver dollars, which she said she was "goin' ter hang on ter fer the kid."

But when Mr. Flannigan came home, he was very angry, and said to her sneeringly: "You're a smart one, you are! Bin goin' round town gittin' money from all them places under false pretenses! Now we've got to move out o' this."

The next day, Claude Clarence, the eldest son, borrowed a neighbor's horse and cart, and drew their household goods to a town about ten miles distant, while Mrs. Flannigan, and the other children, had their first ride on the cars. The conductor joked with all the children, and complimented Mrs. Flannigan on being the mother of such a good-looking family, telling her he'd let them all ride for half price, for their good looks, if he dared. Then Mrs. Flannigan felt as if she would like to name the baby for him, but thought she'd better not mention the matter under the circumstances.

That noon Mr. Anderson seemed very much amused over something, and when his wife asked what he was laughing about, he said: "Yesterday afternoon, when Mrs. Flannigan came to the office for her pay, she had her baby with her. She wanted me to name it, so I called it George, and gave her thræe dollars. Last night, at the Business Men's Meeting, it came out that she went around to fourteen different places, and got the men to name the baby and give it a present. That kid is 'George,' and 'John,' and 'Ebenezer Jeremiah,' and 'Albert,' and 'Henry,' and 'Frank,' and 'Max,' and 'William,' and—O, land! I can't begin to remember all its names."

"Well, Mrs. Flannigan was here this morning," said his wife. "I thought she seemed very nervous. She felt badly over something, but wouldn't tell what it was. She only said she hadn't meant to do wrong, and that they had to leave town."

Mr. Anderson arose to go back to his office, still chuckling to himself, when his wife called after him: "Say, George, when you go down to the office, just step in at those places and tell them that the Flannigan baby is a girl—Mrs. Flannigan told me so this morning, and that I named it 'Lucetta' for myself."

—*May Cooley.*

The Great Stake



Jim Burke sat in his room beside a table on which was a lamp that threw his face into sharp relief. It was a face which would have made friends anywhere. In his hand was a letter which read:

Dear Jim:

In reply to your letter of yesterday, I shall say I have decided that my answer hinges upon the outcome of tomorrow's game. If Burton wins, I am yours.

Irene.

The station platform was crowded with a ribbon bedecked, yelling bunch of students. It was the day of the great foot ball game between Arlington and Burton. Off in a corner by themselves were four boys. They were whispering among themselves as the train from Burton pulled in. As the crowd of rooters climbed off, the boys exchanged meaning glances when they saw Jim Burke, the Burton half-back. These four knew that Arlington stood a good chance of winning with Jim out of the way.

The Burton rooters had with them a brass band, and they formed in line and escorted their team to the Central hotel, where they were to rest until time for the game. The four boys before mentioned, followed in the rear of the Burton crowd, and stepped into a stairway just before reaching the hotel.

In a short time the Burton rooters had cleared away from the team. The four boys came out of their hiding place, and went into the hotel.

The members of the Burton team were lying or sitting down in their room, waiting rather impatiently for the time of their game. Some of the boys were in a rather warm dispute over the scores of last year's games. Finally one turned to the coach and asked,

"Say, Jack, what was the score last year?"

"Seven to five in favor of Arlington," was the answer.

THE CLINTONIAN

Jack turned around just in time to catch sight of one of the boys trying to smuggle in a piece of pie, and he rather curtly ordered him to "throw it out the window." The boy, after a great deal of grumbling and growling, obeyed.

"Say, Jack," Jim called, "I am going down to get a drink of water. That confounded 'Buttons' forgot to bring any up and the bell won't work."

So saying, he opened the hall door and stepped out. He had hardly closed the door when he was suddenly seized from behind, and a sack was thrown over his head. Although he tried to struggle, he was quickly bound hand and foot. One of his captors ran down stairs and motioned to a waiting automobile, which drew up to the curb. Jim was carried down stairs and placed in the automobile, which sped rapidly away.

In about a half hour, the machine drew in front of a large stone house which appeared to be vacant. Jim was carried up stairs, and placed in a room that had been arranged for his reception. His captors quickly made their escape, after having carefully locked the door.

Jim battered and kicked the door but to no avail. At least, he gave up in despair of breaking the door open, and began an examination of the room. He found only one way by which he could possibly get out, and that was through a trap door in the ceiling. He could reach it easily by jumping but could not open it. He looked around for a pole with which to raise the trap. At last, he found a part of the door jam loose. He ripped it off. Armed with this, it was an easy matter for him to raise the trap. He jumped up and caught the edge of the opening, and drew himself slowly out on the roof. The only means possible by which to get down was a lightning rod that ended in a thick growth of lilacs. For a two hundred pound man, this was a rather frail means of descent; but he hesitated only a second, and then lowered himself over the eaves and began to descend. When he was half way down the rod broke from its support but he landed in the lilacs unhurt. For a minute he had trouble in locating himself. He went out into the road, and looked all around. A cloud of dust appeared in the distance and drew rapidly near. He was soon able to distinguish an automobile. An idea had suddenly come to him; he grabbed out his handkerchief and began to wave it up and down. The automobile came to a stop only a few feet in front of him. The chauffeur came down and asked in a kindly voice:

"What in the duce do you mean by stopping me in this fashion."

"I want to go to Arlington, and have to get there before two-thirty. What time is it anyway."

THE CLINTONIAN

"The duce you do! Well you certainly are nervy. It is now two o'clock."

"How far is it to Arlington?"

"About five miles."

"Five miles and thirty minutes to get there. Say, I'll give you five dollars to get me there before time for that game."

"All right. Jump in. But you may keep the five."

Jim jumped in, and they were off in a hurry. The car leaped forward as the driver opened the throttle and in a few seconds time the speedometer indicated a speed of forty miles per hour. The car whirled around the corner into the end of a junk wagon, completely demolishing the wagon and the front wheel of the machine. No one was hurt but it meant that Jim still had over three miles to go, with but fifteen minutes to make it in. Therefore he started out to walk the remaining distance.

Jim had not been gone from the room very long before he was missed

"Say, Coach," one boy asked, "where is Jim, anyway? He must be trying to drink the well dry."

"I don't know, I am going down to try to find out. You fellows stay here and keep out of trouble. Understand?"

The coach went down to the office at a speed which would have won a gold medal for sprinting on stairways. He asked the clerk: "Has a young fellow been down here after a drink?"

"Did he have black hair?"

"Yes"

"Blue eyes?"

"Yes. But what has that to do with it?"

"Well, I just wanted to know. No, there has not been any such fellow here."

"Well! Why didn't you say so sooner?"

The coach went back to the room with a rather long face.

"He hasn't been down there," he announced to the boys.

* * * *

As the time approached for the game, the coach and captain became more and more worried. At last they installed Harris, a sub, in Jim's place. The big carryall drew up at the door, and the Burton team rushed out and climbed in. They were driven rapidly to the field where the game was to be played.

The field was admirably situated; it faced east and west and on the north and south sides was bounded by steep hills. Burton's rooters were on the north hill, and Arlington's on the south.

CLINTON '10

Promptly at two-thirty o'clock the referee's whistle blew. The opposing teams trotted out on the field. It was Arlington's kick off. A hush fell over the crowd as they awaited the starting of the game.

"Ready Burton?" The referee called.

"Yes."

"Arlington?"

"Yes."

He blew the whistle and the game was on. When Arlington kicked off, Burton received the ball and made a gallant attempt to reach the goal, but the runner was pulled down by Arlington's left tackle. From then on Burton was pushed back toward their goal. No big gains were made, nevertheless Burton was driven back. Just before the end of the half Nickerson, Arlington's half-back, broke through for a touchdown. The Arlington rooters went wild, and amid the shouting, the referee's whistle sounded the end of the half. After a trial at the goal the score stood five to nothing in Arlington's favor.

Just then a cloud of dust was seen rolling up the hill toward the field. The form of a man could be dimly made out, stumbling and running toward them.

Luke Harrison, Jim's chum, jumped to his feet and yelled, "Look fellows! If that aint Jim I'll eat my hat."

The Burton players leaped to their feet and yelled, "Jim! Jim! Jim!" and the cry was taken across the field.

Four boys with the Arlington colors on got up and left the field when they heard the yelling. One of them said, rather sheepishly, "Well, fellows, I guess it's a case of making a noise like a hoop and rolling away!"

It was a much happier team that went onto the field at the beginning of the second half. While waiting for the referee's whistle, Jim's eyes eagerly sought for some one in the grandstand, but before he could find the one he was searching for, the whistle blew, and the second half began.

Jim played as he had never played before, and during the game broke through Arlington's lines for two touchdowns. At the end of the second half the score stood eleven to five in favor of Burton, they having succeeded in making two touchdowns and one goal-kick.

As Jim left the field one of the ushers handed him a dainty envelope. He grabbed it eagerly, tore it open and read,

Dear Jim: Come tonight at eight. You win. Irene.

—John Davis.

PHOTOGRAPHIC WORK
In This Annual Done At
LAMBLIN'S STUDIO

**CLUB, CLASS AND SOCIETY
GROUPS A SPECIALTY**



All Work the Best and at Reasonable Prices
Over Harpster's Drug Store FFFFFF Clinton, Illinois

Professor Hæslar:—"Mr, Lane, in what part of this animal is the mouth?"

Lane:—"Well-a-er-why-in the front end Professor."

Sunday School Teacher, (sadly) :—"I'm afraid, Johnny, that I'll never meet you in Heaven."

J. R.:—"Why? What have you been doing now?"

D.:—"Deane, what are you holding that dying man's nose for?"

D. W.:—"Why! to keep the breath from leaving him."

Ella's Brother:—"Ella, if 'C' stands for cat, what does 'D' stand for?"

E. H.:—"What papa says to the cat."

Teacher, (to the pupil just entering High School) :—"What is your name, little boy?"

W. L.:—"The boys call me Bill. but my maiden name is William."

Mr. L.:—"Carl, what have you learned at college?"

C. L.:—"The yell."

Mr. C.:—"But do tell me Harold, how could you fail again?"

H. C. "Well you see, we had another examination."

**ENGRAVING FOR COLLEGE
and SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS**

**We make a specialty of Halftones
Color Plates, Zinc Etchings,
Designing Etc.**

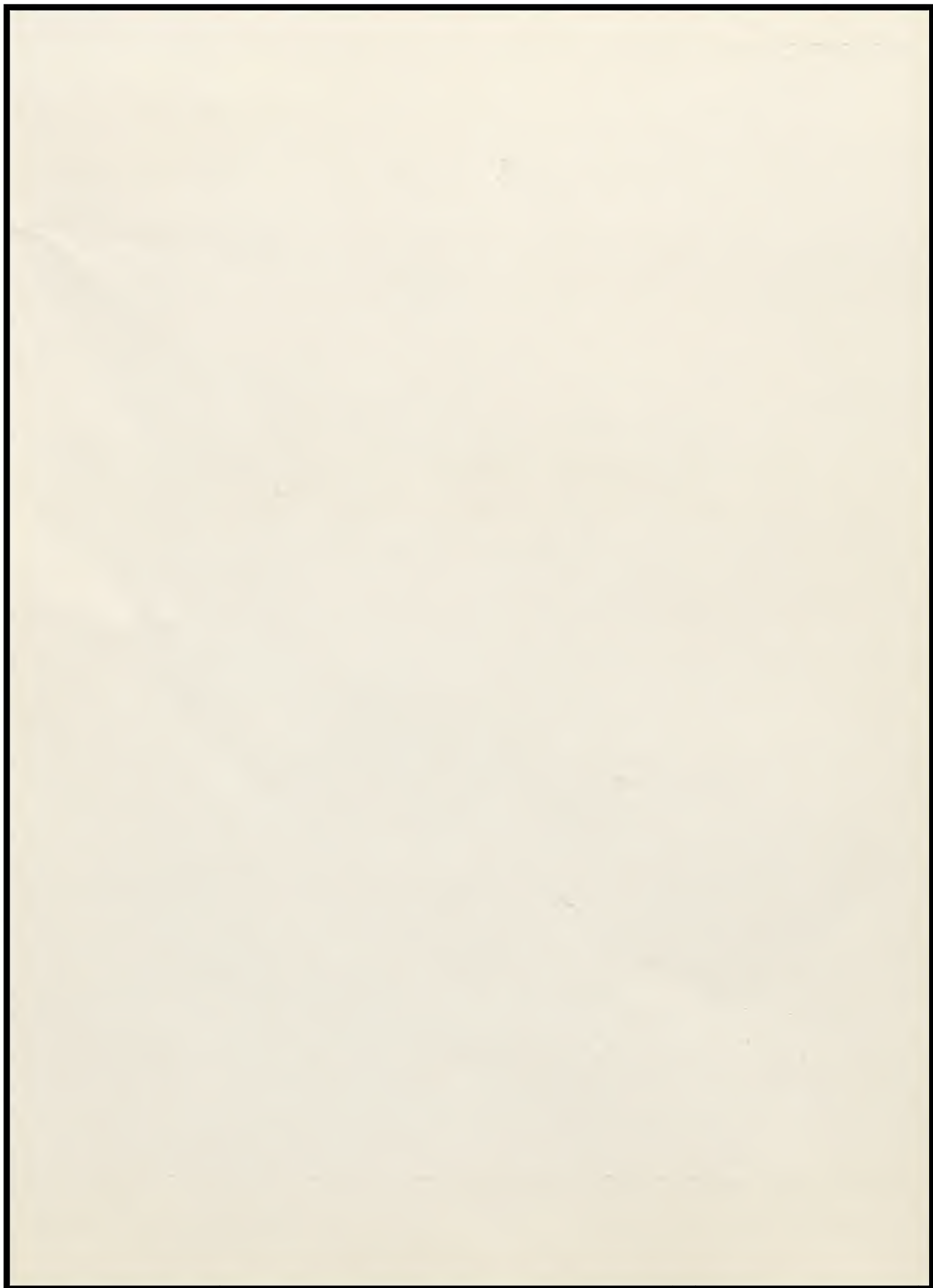


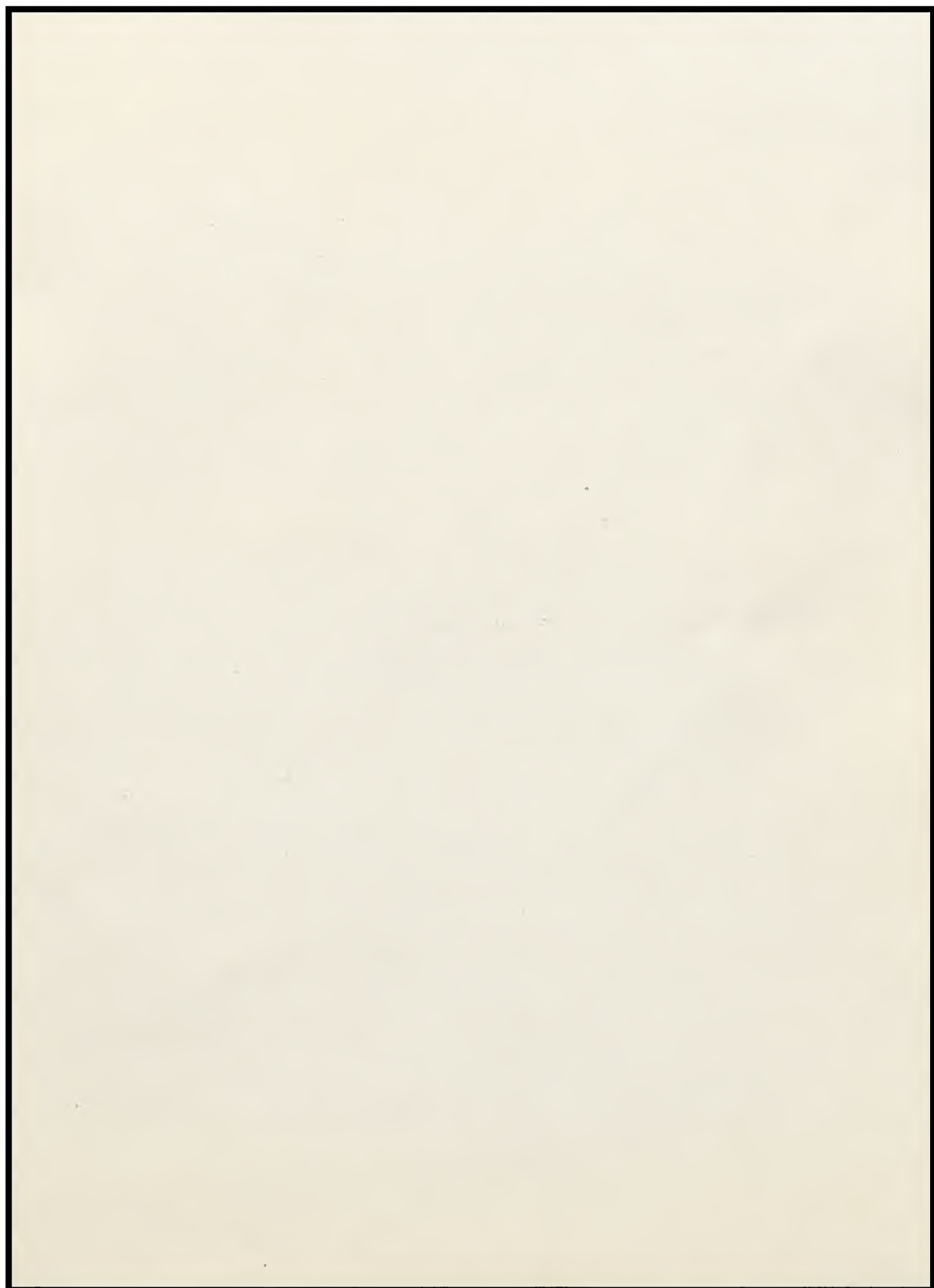
STAFFORD ENGRAVING CO.

ARTISTS, ENGRAVERS, ELECTROTYPES,
Engraving for College and School Publications a Specialty

Century Building

Indianapolis, Ind.





Printed by
THE BENTON REVIEW PUBLISHING CO
School Annual Specialists
Fowler, Indiana



